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JANUARY 19, 1976

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TIME

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The \$100,000 63-foot yacht "Lucky Lady" or \$100,000 cash! It's the actual boat used in the making of the spectacular new 20th Century-Fox adventure film, *Lucky Lady*, starring Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds.

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Olsen & Co., the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded. Grand Prizewinner must agree to use of his name and picture for this promotion. 6. This sweepstakes is open only to residents of the United States 21 years of age or older. Employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliate companies, advertising agencies, H. Olsen & Co., 20th Century-Fox Films, Inc., and their advertising agencies, and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state, and local laws apply. 7. For the name of the Grand Prizewinner, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: KOOL "Lucky Lady" Winners, P.O. Box 6353, Chicago, Illinois 60677.

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But for the present, the answer to our energy dilemma is not likely to come from one source, but many. All the way from the leg to the atom.



**Today, something we do
will touch your life.**

A LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN

The mounting problems of the U.S. Postal Service have been brought home to all Americans in the past two weeks with the introduction of the 13¢ stamp and other increased rates. Next week Congress will return to work and will certainly have to deal with the very serious financial crisis that has been building up at the U.S. Postal Service. As a publishing company that uses the mails extensively, Time Inc. is also gravely concerned with this essential national service. With that concern in mind, Time Inc. Chairman Andrew Heiskell sent a letter to President Ford on Dec. 12, pointing out what he regards as the basic reasons for the crisis. The President has not yet replied, but we feel the letter is of sufficient interest to share it with you.

Dear Mr. President:

Recently, you and members of your staff held a meeting at the White House with magazine publishers, in which you indicated that you will continue to oppose both additional federal appropriations to defray the increasing costs of public services provided by the U.S. Postal Service, and funds for phasing increases in second-class mail rates, as authorized by Congress in P.L. 93-328.

I want to thank you for your time and your candor in stating your position. I would hope that you will accept an equally frank response.

As you are aware, you and your associates have repeatedly described appropriations for public service by the Postal Service as "subsidies" to the various users, whether such users happen to require these services or not. You, yourself, have also compared the deficit problems of the Postal Service with the deficit problems of the City of New York. I quote from your statement:

"I just don't accept that they [the postal system] are doing as well as they should be doing. We have to prod them, just like we are prodding New York City, to improve their efficiency productivity... If we don't keep the pressure on them... You know how things operate in Government... That's one of the basic problems in New York City. No one really put the screws on them until this year, and now they are faced with reality. I think the post office department—management and labor—has to face up to that reality—here as well as in New York."

The comparison of the problems of the Postal Service and New York is yours. Let me demonstrate how apt the comparison is. We all can recognize that a major element in the New York problem has been the unwillingness of political management—in this case the city officials—to come to grips with escalating costs, costs that flow largely from the escalating demands of the municipal-workers unions.

What has been the situation in the operations of the Postal Service? Federal fiscal year 1971 was the last year under the "prereform" postal system, the long-existing system under which postal rates and postal expenditures were set by Congress. Fiscal year 1972 was a period of transition. In fiscal year 1973, the first year of full operation, the "reform" postal system generated a deficit of \$13 million. In fiscal year 1974, the deficit had swollen to \$438 million; in fiscal year 1975, which ended this summer, the deficit was \$825 million; and in the current fiscal year, which will end June 30, 1976, the Postmaster General currently predicts that the deficit will exceed \$1.4 billion—and then only if another substantial increase in postal rates, including a 13¢ first-class-letter rate, takes effect on Dec. 28, as scheduled. You are right, Mr. President. Such arithmetic is quite comparable to the record in New York.

However, it is unfortunate that you proceed from that damaging conclusion to a further one that labels appropriations to make up these deficits as "subsidies" to the mail users. For what has been responsible for these soaring red figures? A number of elements have contributed, of course: ques-

tionable management, an expensive capital-equipment program, outdated and perhaps unnecessary services. But there is one factor that stands out above all: salary and benefit escalation for the nation's approximately 700,000 postal workers. While I do not want to pass arbitrary judgment on the merits of the labor contracts negotiated in recent years by the Postal Service, here are some important figures.

Salaries and benefits now account for 85% of the postal budget. The basic wage of postal workers nationwide is presently \$13,400 a year. To carry your analogy a little further, the average basic wage of New York policemen is \$14,700; New York firemen, \$14,700; New York teachers, \$13,200.

On a national basis, the average police salary is \$11,800; firemen, \$11,200; teachers, \$11,600. Consider also that assistant professors of four-year colleges earn a national average of \$12,600, while postal workers earn an average of \$13,400. As you surmised, only New York, the case you have cited as an example of disastrous municipal mismanagement, can be said to have kept pace with the Postal Service in this regard.

But this is not the end of the story. With the pay hikes granted in this year's postal-wage settlement, the average pay of postal workers will probably rise to around \$16,500 by 1978, an additional increase of more than 23% over present levels. That will cost the Postal Service an additional \$2 billion in wages alone.

When you say "management and labor" have to face up to reality, "here as well as in New York," you may have the full agreement of almost everyone familiar with the problem. The question is: Who is management? The embattled Mayor Beame is easy to identify. He is the duly elected, present incumbent at city hall.

In the case of the Postal Service, management, by law, is in the hands of the Postmaster General and a board of governors. Under the "reform" system, there have been three Postmasters General and a board of governors, whose original and present members were appointed by your immediate predecessor, President Nixon. In attempting to manage the overriding problem of dramatic wage escalation, the Postmaster General is subject to certain controls and restraints that are exercised by the White House itself.

His budgets must be approved by the board appointed by the President, and submitted to the Office of Management and Budget. You have the authority to make recommendations to Congress in regard to that budget. More relevant in the case of the recent postal-wage contract, the negotiations were ultimately conducted through the Mediation and Conciliation Service, an agency of the Federal Government, and the settlement, it is reliably reported, was not only greater than the Postmaster General would have accepted, left totally to his own devices, but was indeed approved by the White House.

If then the Postal Service is, as you indicate, another New York, it is a New York that has developed under Republican Administrations and subject to Republican control and direction. You have told us you are going to "put the screws on them," by "them" indicating that you mean postal management and labor. You have also told us you intend to block the increased federal appropriations necessary to defray the costs of these ruinous wage policies and uneconomic public services (like delivering mail to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and the North Slope of Alaska). And you have told us that your only other alternative to the deficit is to raise postal rates.

You are then, in reality, proposing to "put the screws on" the users of the postal system, even though the record is clear that many users who depend heavily on the postal system cannot survive much more escalation of rates.

You are, I believe, aware that continuation on this course

will vitally affect a major medium of the communication of ideas in America—the many diverse magazines and smaller newspapers. But even if this were acceptable to you—and I am not prepared to believe that on reflection it will be—consider the comments of the present Postmaster General, Mr. Bailar, who is indeed earnestly struggling to cope with the impossible conditions thrust on him by law and circumstances not entirely under his control:

"The last thing we want is a constant round of postage increases because we recognize that not only would this hamper the free flow of commerce and ideas through the mails, but it would also reduce our volume and hence our revenue, thus compounding our financial problems."

The danger is real, of course. Mail volume decreased last year for the first time in years. Parcel post is down. Electronic transfer of funds will increasingly affect first-class mail, and the volume of magazines and newspapers will dwindle as major magazines, including those we publish, and major newspapers, like the *Wall Street Journal*, flee the mails in the urban centers, where they now generate a very favorable positive cash flow for the Postal Service.

The present course of action, suggested by the White House meeting with publishers, can have only one end: bankruptcy of the Postal Service—a bankruptcy that in the process will go a long way toward making the medium of print too expensive for millions of Americans.

The founding fathers' intention was that the postal system should encourage the free flow of information in our nation. It was their conviction that the postal system was a necessary service of government and not a business. George Washington stated in 1782 that a postal service was needed to "bind these people to us with a chain that can never be broken." History shows that our first President was right. For nearly 200 years, Congress and the American people have recognized the democratic and educational values of magazines and newspapers. Today magazines and newspapers are jeopardized by an ineffective and misguided postal system.

I hope you will forgive these blunt words, Mr. President, but I cannot imagine that these results are your desire. I believe there are alternative ways of meeting the problems that the Postal Service faces. These problems are not quickly resolved. But I suggest that the national interest will be better served if your Administration would support proposals to meet the fiscal deficits of the Postal Service for a period of time that is sufficient to examine and evolve solutions to these problems. To label this assistance a subsidy for the users or to expect the users to provide such resources themselves would be a gross misplacement of responsibility.

Thank you for hearing me out.

Sincerely,

Andrew Heiskell

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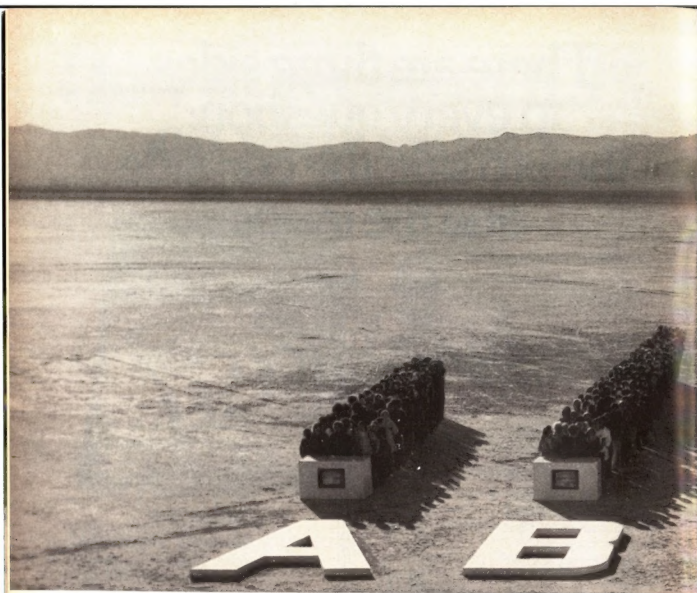
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(276 votes)

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(385 votes)

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(1005 votes)

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XL-100 ColorTrak

RCA

What a Light Amid the Tinsel

To the Editors:

With the bulk of the year's news made by "living sinners," what a marvelous, original and inspiring article in your Christmas-week issue about "Living Saints" [Dec. 29]. May their tribe increase, in no matter what ethnic or religious group they be found.

(The Rev.) Raphael Kamel
Dallas

What a light she is amid the tired tinsel.

Mary Ellen Webb
Davenport, Iowa

When I think of her, the word "Wow!" comes to mind.

(Mrs.) Barbara Chachulski
Dorr, Mich.

I admired her until I noticed that the only birth control method offered by her is the rhythm method. If Mother

"She died beautifully," she once said of a reeking, wasted human pulled from a dung heap. The intensity of the love and peace she showers on the abandoned can hardly be expressed on paper.

Michael Alvarez
Rocky Mount, N.C.

Let the saints go marching on.

Dorothy Morin
McLean, Va.

Was It Camelot?

Re J.F.K. and recent revelations [Dec. 29]: I had thought he was King Arthur in the Camelot analogy. It appears that he was Sir Lancelot all along.

Bruce E. Ingmire
New York City

J.F.K. had a little fun while in the White House. So what? What man with his charm, wit and charisma would not have enjoyed the likes of Monroe, Mansfield, et al., if given the chance? Apparently it did little harm to the country.

Ronald A. Sanders
Washington, D.C.

I have always thought that John Kennedy's most significant contribution was his example. To his fervent supporters, your revelations of his lascivious conduct can be described in a word: heartbreaking.

James T. Donovan
Monroeville, Pa.

If all this about J.F.K.'s other women is true, it must be good medicine for a President. I have yet to see another one bring so much laughter and so many smiles to the American people—something all of us need and haven't had since J.F.K.

William Baptiste
Exeter, N.H.

Even if Jack Kennedy went around in black garters, it's none of your business or anyone else's.

Peggy Moore
Los Angeles

It is time to extinguish the perpetual flame and stop worshipping false gods!

Alice W. Timler
Fort Wayne, Ind.

He was a good man and a great President. I shall remember only that.

Anahid Agemian
Hollywood

Pray tell, O omniscient keepers of the almighty Fourth Estate, why were ye so quick to claw at the warts of con-

servative King Richard, yet so long and loath to lance the boils of the late liberal Lord Camelot?

Harold H. Seward
Arlington, Mass.

You deserve the Worm of the Year award.

Joyce Vaughn
Wichita, Kans.

Even amateur psychologists recognize that people want to cherish their heroes and will resent those responsible for tarnishing them.

Gerald Czerak
Lisle, Ill.

I know the diehard J.F.K. supporters will assail you, but there are many taxpayers who think it appropriate that what he was really doing in the White House be made known.

Gary N. Hamby
Reston, Va.

I did not think it possible to assassinate someone twice, but TIME managed in your contemptible account of J.F.K.'s sex life. Was the drawing and quartering of J. Edgar Hoover the previous week merely a warmup?

I look forward to next week's character mutilation. May I suggest Abraham Lincoln?

William P. McGrath
Farmington Hills, Mich.

Two Hoovers

I know it is a modern journalistic trend to set about denigrating famous men after they are dead, but I must deplore the bundle of inferences of a discreditable nature drawn in your story about J. Edgar Hoover [Dec. 22].

I am aware of Hoover's sometimes irksome quirks and foibles. Every one of us has his faults, but that man built the FBI into the most incorruptible and efficient police organization the U.S. has ever seen. To British policemen, who have always sympathized with their U.S. counterparts whose appointments so often depend on political influence, that was a colossal achievement; as a nation you should be immensely proud of it.

Ranulph Bacon
London

Sir Ranulph is a former deputy commissioner of the Metropolitan Police (Scotland Yard).

Down to the Drains

Re "Bathrooms for Living" [Dec. 22], it is obvious that Mr. Kira has never experienced a broken leg, an abdominal operation, sacroiliac or hip trouble. He must not consider lowering toilet seats; they should be raised 5 to 9 inches. The user can then get back to an upright position without the aid of two strong assistants. Even hospitals today



Teresa and others realized that preventing suffering is better than relieving suffering, their efforts would be more valuable. Or do saints need misery?

(Mrs.) Frances Berger
Easton, Pa.

A woman shall lead us, but not in the style of the strident, power-hungry libbers. I recall Mother Teresa's thought that the best part of love and service in life has been given woman. The beauty of women has always been not in love of self but in love of others.

Barbara Fallon
Phoenix

While reading your moving description of modern saints, I realized the difference between me and them. I get emotional; saints get involved.

Robert J. Hastings
Springfield, Ill.

are installing "elevator" seats for post-operative patients.

I do agree with his premise that householders need larger and better cleansing facilities, and I trust the mass-housing producers will take note—right down to their drains.

*Priscilla S. Seabrease
Fort Washington, Pa*

Pop Power

So 984 of 1,000 unmarried girls became pregnant while listening to pop songs during fornication (Dec. 29). No abnormality here.

*Edward C. Rogge
Petersburg, Ill*

Wizard's Theory

Students at the City University of New York (Dec. 29), or at any college, should have a twelfth-grade reading level for admission, not merely an eighth-grade level.

Otherwise, we will end up following the educational theories of the Wizard of Oz, who told the Scarecrow: "I can't give you brains, but I can give you a diploma."

*Glenn T. Wilson, Professor
Southern Illinois University
Edwardsville, Ill*

"Better Luck, Leonid"

Re the issue of U.S. involvement in Angola (Dec. 22). All that is necessary is for President Ford to pick up the phone and say, "Leonid, I've halted all grain shipments until you get the hell out of Angola."

"Hope you have better luck next year with your crops."

*Robert B. White
Boulder, Colo*

The idea that the Soviet Union will take over Africa if we do not get involved in another Viet Nam is silly. If we can just curb our lust for bauxite and oil and depart from Angola, the Africans will soon tire of Russian neocolonialism and throw the Russians out, as Sadat of Egypt did.

*Palmer Van Gundy
Los Angeles*

Fur Still Flies

Re the article "Fur Flies Again" (Dec. 29), those old bats modeling pelts of dead animals were a disgusting sight, let alone the thought of the horrendous deaths many of those animals had suffered. For what?

So women can brag around hoping to look beautiful.

*Paulette Wisnie
Chicago*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME, JANUARY 19, 1976

Vivitar takes the mumbo-jumbo out of electronic flash.



(mumbo-jumbo)

(flash-flash)

This new Vivitar 202 automatic electronic flash for 35mm cameras has all sorts of features we could talk about. But the one that's most important to you is the fact that it's automatic.

You don't have to be an Einstein to figure out correct flash exposures. You set your f stop once. Then regardless of how many times you move closer or farther away from the subject, a built-in sensor gives you perfect exposure from 3 to 11 feet.

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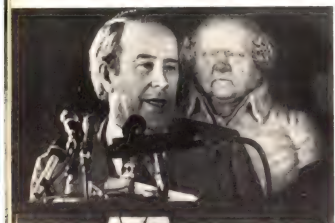
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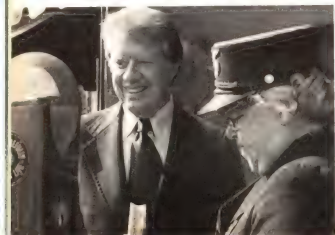


FORD GREETS WORKER & SON AT WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS



for President

JACKSON SPEAKS IN BOSTON BEFORE BUST OF JOHN ADAMS



TIME

THE CAMPAIGN

A-a-a-a-n-d

For a month Ronald Reagan did no public politicking. Instead, he girded himself for the launching of his campaign for the Republican presidential nomination. He consulted with experts on the economy and foreign policy. He met frequently with aides to discuss strategy. Above all, he husbanded his energy, winding up with a long weekend at the Palm Springs estate of an old friend, Publisher Walter Annenberg. Finally, looking rested and ruddy, Reagan last week pulled on an off-white sweater and green ski parka, gave a final flick of the comb to his dark brown hair and stepped off his rented Boeing 727 into the snows and freezing temperatures of New Hampshire. Campaign '76 was officially under way.

It was an auspicious time for Reagan to sound the opening gun for the primary season. He leads President Gerald Ford in the public opinion surveys. Last week the Gallup poll reported that Ford's approval rating among Americans slid seven points in late December, to 39%, only two points above his low last April. Reagan's national campaign staff has meanwhile doubled, to about 25, and his 40-odd state organizations are rapidly recruiting volunteers. In contrast, Ford's supporters are still relatively disorganized, though the President is shortly expected to name outgoing Commerce Secretary Rogers Morton as campaign coordinator in an effort to pull them together. Reagan's fund raisers have collected about \$2 million in private donations, against the Ford organization's \$1.7 million.

Thus Reagan was confident as he put into action Campaign Manager John Sears' dictum, "Politics is motion." Running counter to his past image as a diffident campaigner, the candidate in 48 hours appeared in 22 New Hampshire communities, mainly sparsely populated northern sections. In one stretch he shook hands with a grand total of six registered voters at three stops. He greeted voters at grocery stores, banks, schools and ski areas. He posed for photographers in a sleigh, aligned his profile with the granite outcropping that forms the state's best-known landmark, the Old Man of the Mountains, and threw snowballs at a speed-limit sign along a highway. In subsequent visits—he plans to spend 15 days in the state before the Feb. 24 primary—Reagan will concentrate on the more populous southern counties. "By the time he's through," pledges State Campaign Manager Hugh Gregg, "every voter in New Hampshire will have had a chance to meet him without driving more than half an hour."

Biting Questions. It is one thing to make exciting statements before friendly audiences; it is quite another to be quizzed on a wide range of domestic and foreign affairs by tough questioners. Said Reagan: "Where before they were just nibbling around the edges, they come in biting now." Even without questions from the press, he got into trouble. Expressing disapproval of the Ford Administration's policy of détente with the Soviet Union ("a one-way street"), Reagan urged that the U.S. tell the Russians to get out of Angola "or you're going to have us to deal with." But he was unable to explain just what he would do. Later he implied that the U.S. might respond by cutting off wheat shipments. That idea is anathema to export-dependent Midwestern farmers, who were last week assured by Ford at the American Farm Bureau Federation convention in St. Louis that the U.S. would do no such thing. Hours later Reagan backtracked, explaining that wheat was the wrong "diplomatic lever." Said he, rather lamely: "No one on the outside with no access to information about the negotiations going on in the international chess game can speak with authority" about the Angola situation. It was the kind of performance that in the long run could make Reagan look weak compared with Ford, who, for all his shortcomings, is an active and informed President.

Nor was Reagan much more successful in explaining his controversial scheme to cut about \$90 billion in Government spending by abolishing the federal role in welfare, education, Medicaid and

CARTER IS TICKETED BY A METER MAID IN PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

THE NATION

They're Off!!!

a wide range of other programs (see box following page). Many of his listeners feared that the program would require either a disastrous reduction in government services or a sizable increase in state and local expenditures that would force New Hampshire to enact its first general sales or income tax. For the most part, Reagan failed to persuade the voters that his program would not end New Hampshire's coveted status as the only state with neither tax. After he voiced repeated assurances during an hour-long session at a high school in Whitefield, an unconvinced student demanded: "Now, Mr. Reagan, what is the straight scoop?"

The skepticism was typical. New Hampshire residents are blasé about the quadrennial blandishments of national politicians. But *TIME* correspondent Jess Cook, who accompanied the candidate, reported that Reagan seemed generally attuned to New Hampshire conservatives on most matters. What is more, his organization claims committees in 236 New Hampshire communities. On the other hand, Ford generates little enthusiasm. One sign: there is little or no visible volunteer activity on the President's behalf, lending substance to Reagan advisers' private claims that the Californian now leads Ford in New Hampshire by about the same eight-point spread that Gallup reported nationally in early December.

Name Problems. Before Reagan left for appearances in the early-primary states of North Carolina and Florida, two of the six major candidates entered in New Hampshire's Democratic presidential primary followed him into the state: former Governors Terry Sanford of North Carolina and Jimmy Carter of Georgia. Both have name-recognition problems among New Hampshire voters. Carter's campaign co-chairman, William Shaheen, admitted that 40% of the people his man met during his two-day swing had never heard of him before. To help matters, some 100 Carter supporters from Georgia canvassed Democratic households for five days, making contact with more than 10,000 voters, by their own count.

Carter can probably hope to pick up no more than a handful of New Hampshire's 17 delegate votes at the Democratic National Convention. The situation was made more complicated for Democrats in the state when delegate slates were entered for two additional contenders, Senators Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey. The Humphrey delegates will run as "favorable" to him rather than "pledged" to vote for him at the convention—a hair-splitting legalism that will allow him to preserve his official stance as a noncandidate (see story following page). But Jackson actually made a token campaign appearance in the state.

The Democrats were joined by an eleventh announced contender for the nomination last week. Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia. Byrd is not thinking seriously of a run for the presidency but would welcome the nomination for Vice President.

In Washington, meanwhile, Gerald Ford took steps to foil the Democratic and Republican efforts to unseat him. To encourage his supporters, whose enthusiasm has been flagging, he made his first visit to his national headquarters. He gave a pep talk to some 130 campaign aides and later delivered another cheering message to 45 state campaign chairmen at the White House. At week's end, White House sources indicated that Ford might make a two-day visit to New Hampshire beginning February 7th.

Ford also took more substantive action. He told his Cabinet that the fiscal 1977 budget that he will submit to Congress next week will total less than \$395 billion, which is \$25 billion higher than the budget for the current year. He handed over to Speechwriter Robert Hartmann two thick notebooks of ideas for the State of the Union speech that Ford will deliver to Congress next week. Said Ford: "This will be the most important speech of my Administration." The message may prove to be just that, if Ford intends to provide needed direction for his policies, focus for his Administration and a platform for his campaign.



REAGAN CHATS WITH A YOUNG ADMIRER IN NORTH CONWAY, N.H.



THROWING SNOWBALLS TOWARD PHOTOGRAPHERS IN GLEN, N.H.

Reagan's \$90 Billion Blunder

Ronald Reagan had decided that it was time to switch from conservative generalities to a more specific blueprint for drastically reducing Big Government. And so, after three weeks of slapdash staff work, he proposed on Sept. 26 "a single bold stroke" that would abolish the federal role in welfare, education, Medicaid, air-traffic control, postal subsidies and some other services.

He estimated that the scheme would reduce federal expenditures by more than \$90 billion, enabling the Government "to balance the federal budget, make an initial \$5 billion payment on the national debt and cut the federal personal-income tax burden of every American by an average of 23%." Almost in passing, he mentioned that states or communities wanting to retain programs formerly financed by federal funds "might" have to raise taxes.

As he began stumping for the Republican presidential nomination last week, Reagan may well have begun to regret the whole idea. Reason: the \$90 billion statement is threatening to turn into the sort of gaffe that has helped sink previous presidential campaigns: Barry Goldwater's 1964 proposal to make Social Security voluntary and George McGovern's 1972 recommendation that the Government pay every American \$1,000 a year. Above an editorial at-

tacking the scheme, New Hampshire's Portsmouth *Herald* last week carried the headline REAGAN DIGS HIS OWN GRAVE. Although federal taxes would be decreased, Gerald Ford's campaign aides—and Democrats—point out that state and local taxes would soar.



"Ha ha—sure I'd tell him not to bother YOU."

At nearly every campaign stop, Reagan last week insisted that he had been misunderstood, and did a considerable amount of backpedaling, explaining and modifying. There would be no "dumping" of social-service functions on state and local governments, he said; instead, the transfer would be "orderly" and "phased." He argued that tax rates would be entirely up to state and local governments, since they would decide which federal programs to continue, cut back or abandon. Moreover, Reagan maintained, his scheme would provide additional tax savings for Americans by eliminating the large federal administrative costs and enabling the programs to be run more efficiently at lower levels.

In any case, the \$90 billion figure is based on budget estimates made by Ford Administration economists nearly a year ago and is out of date. Because of tax cuts and other changes, the fiscal 1976 federal budget would show only a \$5 billion surplus if Reagan's proposal had been adopted. Said a Reagan aide: "It taught us a lesson. This is a presidential campaign, and we have to be much more cautious and carefully researched." What is more, the idea has such a tar-baby quality that Reagan is now perfectly willing to share its paternity. In snowy Conway, N.H., last week, he credited Presidents Franklin Roosevelt, Dwight Eisenhower and John Kennedy with similar notions and shrugged: "It isn't a new idea."

Humphrey: How to Succeed Without Really Trying

While a crowded field of candidates began to zero in on the New Hampshire primary, the man who many think has the best chance to win the Democratic presidential nomination, Veteran Campaigner Hubert Humphrey, watched from the sidelines. TIME's national political correspondent Robert Ajemian visited Humphrey at his home in Waverly, Minn., and sent this report:

"I've learned that I don't have to be President to be happy," says Hubert Humphrey. It's an extraordinary irony to hear him say that after all those years of struggling to get the job. Sitting in his brown clapboard home on the icy edge of Minnesota's Lake Waverly, he adds: "I don't hunger for it like I used to. I've got my pride back, and I'm not going to lose it again."

In his unaccustomed role as a non-candidate, Humphrey is so popular he can scarcely believe it. Democrats rate him far ahead of the field, and his political support is already extremely powerful. Big labor wants him. So do many Congressmen and Governors. Even

some of the liberals who showed contempt for him in 1968 and 1972 now point out carefully that they never were really comfortable being against him. He has renewed his ties to Chicago Boss Richard Daley. "People are happy to see me wherever I go," he says. "I've never had it this way before." He seems almost incredulous as he adds: "They ask me to run."

If that prospect brings a groan from voters who are tired of windy old Hubert, it's surely understandable. Even by 1968, Humphrey seemed an exhausted, overexposed candidate, a veritable Swiss cheese of political wounds. John Kennedy had riddled him through and through in the 1960 Democratic primaries, and Lyndon Johnson had mauled him for four years as Vice President. He had become an outcast to youth and liberals, two of his natural constituencies. He remembers people spitting on him and his wife during the 1968 campaign.

Far from all that now in Waverly, Humphrey rises restlessly from his chair to pull a few dead leaves from a bouquet of flowers on the table. His face is

somewhat puffy, his sensitive eyes watery at times, his neck baggy now under the thrusting jaw. But at 64, he looks fit—surprisingly so. Three years ago, Humphrey underwent a series of debilitating X-ray treatments for a bladder tumor that seemed precancerous. He had a severe reaction to the treatments and was flown from Waverly back to the Bethesda Naval Hospital. One staffer says he thought Humphrey was surely going to die. Blood transfusions and rest brought him back fast, and his doctors told him he was fully recovered. Today his step is springy and his mind swift. "I'm still a workaholic," he says. "I'm still vital."

Birch and Evergreens. Humphrey's illness reordered his life. He looks out over his four acres of waterfront land, dotted with birch and ash and evergreens that he planted as long as 20 years ago. His four children all live within 50 miles. "Why does a man stay in politics?" Humphrey asks. "Power, yes. But the real reward is acceptance."

There it was—acceptance: a key

word in any conversation with Humphrey and a disturbing one. He has always worked hard for acceptance and approval. When fellow Senator Walter Mondale took himself out of the presidential running in 1974, he told Humphrey that wherever he had traveled he found affection for him. The news gladdened Humphrey. "Affection—I like that feeling," he says. For a man so decisive on issues, Humphrey is often but-terhearted in his dealings with people. "I've been accused of not being tough enough," he says, "and it's partly true. I've always had a little lack of confidence."

These days he shows no lack of confidence. He is far less inclined to run around trying to please people, more inclined to disagree, even sharply. A Humphrey autobiography to be published in April is uncharacteristically harsh on associates like Lyndon Johnson, Senator Abraham Ribicoff and Political Operator Jesse Unruh. He continues to defend big government, even though his aides warn him that such a position leaves him far out of step with the mood of the country. Last week at a Minneapolis luncheon for retired federal employees, the Senator pounded away at his theme. "Any politician who tells you we need less government is lying," he told them. "More efficient government, more responsive government, yes. But let's not junk everything we've built. That's cheap talk."

Prefers Home. In the next room, in a huge parlor with a cathedral ceiling, Muriel Humphrey reflects on her husband's new self-acceptance and happiness. "Now they want him," she says with a smile and soft voice. "People actually get mad at me when I say we aren't eager. They resent it. Before, we always had to fight our way uphill."

Muriel, 63, has supervised the improvements to the Waverly home: a new kitchen, a closed-in patio, an outdoor pool. "The irony of people wanting him is that our life is so good now," she says. "The home is finished. Our nine grandchildren are close by, we're finally coming out of our money problems. Hubert has never been happier. On Christmas Day one of the kids said to me, 'Dad is much calmer. He listens better.'"

Muriel Humphrey has changed too. She no longer responds obediently to Humphrey's political needs. In the past few years she has spent so much time in Minnesota that people have wondered if she was having trouble with her husband. She just prefers to be home near her big family. On a local TV show a few weeks ago, she said she hoped her husband would not get the nomination—a stand that she never would have taken publicly in the past.

"It's a demanding life," she says, recalling her days as the Vice President's wife. "All those guest lists and functions and parties. Lady Bird and I used to sneak off and bowl together before some of those parties."

The thought of presidential primaries unsettles her. "Never again," she says. "I've had enough. I remember sitting alone in some Ramada Inn one night in 1972 waiting for Hubert. It was my birthday. He couldn't make it, never got there, and I just started to cry." Of course, if Humphrey is nominated, she will campaign with him as she has for 33 years. But she mostly wishes it would go away. "I go back and forth. He'd make a good President. He's such a decent man. Honestly, we don't know how to handle this thing. You're looking at a confused person."

Humphrey gets lots of advice. A memo from Mondale sits on Humphrey's Waverly desk. It emphasizes that if he does decide to run, Humphrey must get into at least a few big-state primaries to be nominated. Some 75% of the convention delegates will be selected in the primaries this year, and Mondale argues that Humphrey would have to start raising money and building an organization by late February. "I'm not going to do it," says Humphrey, much as he would grasp the presidency if he could get it some other way.

Not A Hater. He recognizes that his present advantages as a non-candidate will dissolve fast if he jumps into the race. "I'll become the immediate target," he says. There is another possible consequence Humphrey does not mention: his present appealing confidence and coolness might dissolve in the heat of a campaign.

Reassured of Senate re-election this fall, unburdened by strategies, basking in his new acceptance, Humphrey nonetheless is saddened by the cynicism he sees everywhere. He says he cannot remember a time when the country was so full of fear. He recalls how people sneered at his call for the "politics of joy" in 1968 and concedes that it probably did not suit the climate. He was struck by a remark British Prime Minister Harold Wilson made to him a few years ago, that sometimes a country needs a leader who can seem more like a family doctor. It helps Humphrey understand why people receive him so cheerfully now. He says, "I'm not a hater."

On the lake in Waverly, it is almost dark now. Humphrey bursts into the kitchen to tell Muriel that he has just received a phone call from Washington. "Mother, rumors are wafting all across the country," he says, a tone of mock drama in his voice. "The first one is that I'm dying of throat cancer." He clutches his neck. "The second one is that you're dying." "And the third is that you and I are getting a divorce." He stops for a moment. Then Muriel and Hubert Humphrey, the shrewd old family doctor who knows a bad diagnosis when he hears one, grin at each other.

NOEL—VILLAGE VOICE



Hubert Humphrey

"THE CANDIDATE WHO WOULDN'T DIE"



THE CIA

Damn the Leakers—Full Ahead!

"How do you operate a Government in this climate?" CIA Director William E. Colby asked resignedly last week. Colby was frustrated because congressional sources had leaked information he had given them in secret, making front-page news out of the U.S. plan to contribute \$6 million to anti-Communist parties in Italy (see *WORLD*). When it was suggested that the CIA should give up such covert operations, Colby asked: "You mean hamstringing ourselves and watch the world go to pieces?"

The leak dramatically illustrated the difficulties that Congress and the Administration face in working out guidelines for legislative oversight of the CIA. The decision to help finance anti-Communist forces in Italy was strongly endorsed by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Said a Government official: "Henry's attitude toward this one has been 'Damn the congressional critics and leakers—full steam ahead!'"

Kissinger and Colby had plenty of precedents. Since the late '40s, the U.S. has heavily backed Italian politicians

opposed to Communism, just as the Soviet Union has supported Red candidates over the years. Compared with the funds that the U.S. sent to Italy in the past, the \$6 million amounted to small potatoes.

Angry Ford. Under a 1974 measure requiring the CIA to tell Congress about its covert operations, Colby briefed six separate House and Senate committees in December about the agency's plans for Italy. The leak sprang quickly. On Dec. 26, the *McClatchy* newspaper chain in California reported part of the story, which attracted no attention. Following their own leads, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* published more detailed versions last week. President Ford authorized Press Secretary Ron Nessen to describe him as "angry" about the leak.

Colby and Kissinger are convinced that 1) the U.S. must continue to conduct some clandestine operations abroad, and 2) it is impossible to carry out such missions if Congress, once briefed, reveals them to the press. (For Colby's views on the CIA's role, see following interview.)

In an effort to reduce the likelihood of a leak, Senator Frank Church's intelligence committee will recommend to Congress that the CIA be required to brief only two new committees—one in

the House and one in the Senate—set up to oversee agency operations. A more significant and perplexing question is how much power Congress should have to stop CIA plans that it opposes. There is already a consensus on Church's committee that Congress, once informed of the CIA's plans, should have veto power over its operations—a feeling that is bound to rouse strong opposition from the Administration.

In addition to these basic issues, other key questions involving the CIA will confront the new session of Congress. The agency argues that last month's assassination of Richard S. Welch, the CIA station chief in Athens, resulted from the printing of his name by the *Fifth Estate*, a Washington-based group dedicated to exposing covert U.S. intelligence activities. Colby favors a law that would make it a crime for a former CIA employee to reveal secrets he learned at the agency. But liberals in Congress and most journalists are certain to oppose any such sweeping gag rule.

As early as next month, President Ford plans to deliver a major address setting forth his own guidelines for the intelligence community and its relations with Congress. Clearly, Congress should oversee the work of the agency to prevent any abuses of power. Even more clearly, the secret spending of U.S. funds to bolster democratic parties abroad, especially those threatened by foreign-financed Communist parties, is the kind of covert action the CIA should be able to undertake on a selective basis.

TIME INTERVIEW

'It's Maddening and Frustrating'

William E. Colby had just returned from Richard Welch's funeral at Arlington National Cemetery. Still dressed in a somber charcoal gray pin-stripe suit and dark tie, the CIA Director held a 90-minute interview with TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott. Colby's successor-designate, George Bush, is expected to be confirmed by the Senate shortly after Congress reconvenes next week. Soon after that Colby will retire, ending a quarter-century in the CIA. In the excerpts, Colby gives his personal views on a number of issues involving the record of the CIA and its proper role in a democracy.

Q. How did you enter intelligence work?

A. My intelligence career started during World War II with the Office of Strategic Services. Two Frenchmen and I went into France to help organize, arm and supply the Maquis [France's anti-Nazi Resistance fighters]. I also went up to [Nazi-occupied] Norway with a small team. We operated on our own up in the hills, coming down to blow up railroad lines.

After the war I wandered off into the law business [practicing with OSS Chief William ("Wild Bill") Donovan's firm in New York]. When the Korean War came along I went back into intelligence. The cold war was very much with us. A lot of people thought this was the precursor to another overall war.


I went to Sweden and then to Italy, where I focused on Italian politics: the rise of the Communist party, the opening to the left during the '50s. It was a kind of a postgraduate course. Frankly, I think good covert operations well handled, well timed, can solve a problem at an early stage while it's still small.

Q. Did you and many of the other people of your generation who went into the CIA tend to think of yourselves as liberals?

A. I considered myself an ideological liberal. Remember, the biggest enemy the Communists had were the liberals, not the conservatives. After World War II, the Communists were out to secure a monopoly on the left wing.



COLBY (IN RAINCOAT) AT WELCH'S FUNERAL

A man in a light-colored suit and a woman with blonde hair are looking at a large lobster in a glass tank. The man is holding a lit cigarette. The woman is smiling. The background features arched windows.

Oh,
the disadvantages
of our
long cigarette.

Benson & Hedges 100's

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75.

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☐ Modern luxury



☐ Colonial elegance

2. How would you like to spend Saturday morning?



☐ Shopping for island treasures



☐ Impressive outdoor facilities



☐ Working out at the beach

3. How would you rather enjoy the sun?



☐ Around a posh pool with a cool drink



☐ Parasailing above the beach



☐ Sailing a picnic to a deserted cove

4. How would you prefer to spend your evenings?



☐ Picking up on the action at the casino



☐ Singing along with friends in a beach bar



☐ Dining and dancing under the stars

you the multiple choice vacation.

5. What's your favourite sport?



☐ Going out after the big ones



☐ Discovering treasure, reefs, and friendly fish



☐ Getting your handicap down

6. What's your idea of culture?



☐ A Bahamian folklore show



☐ Royal Police Force Band on parade



☐ A hot cabaret

With most vacations, it's only after you arrive that you really find out what you've let yourself in for.

The Bahamas is different. Here, you choose your pleasures first, then match your islands to them. This way you can design your vacation very specifically. Because, although you could probably do most of the things pictured here on many Bahama islands, each island has its own specialty and atmosphere. So some will meet your vacation needs better than others.

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Rustic Andros also offers some of the world's best scuba diving.

To really get away from it all, try the beaches, water sports, tennis, and informal family-style resorts on San Salvador, the Berrys, Bimini (fishing capital of the world), and parts of Andros and Exuma. Dressing for dinner here means changing your jeans.

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When a car makes you feel good about its looks,
that's styling.

When a car makes you feel good about yourself,
that's character.



1976 Monte Carlo. Your next look should be at its very affordable price.

Chevrolet

Q. Was there much agonizing then over the contradictions between the needs of a secret agency and the principles of a liberal democracy?

A. No. That was a much simpler time. Into the '60s there was a total consensus throughout most of American society about what needed to be done. Read the Kennedy inaugural. There's not much agonizing there about how far you go to protect liberty in the world; you had to go any distance and fight any

to use military force, which nobody wants to do.

Q. Did the post-Bay of Pigs decision to take foreign operations away from the CIA and turn them over to the military contribute to the American involvement in the Viet Nam War?

A. When they turned [operations] over to the military approach, the critical political factor was extracted. It wasn't until 1967 that we really began to work

ure of 20,000 people killed is often used. Well, that's my figure, and I'm the one who put it out. But that was part of war

Q. What worries you about the current controversy over CIA operations and foreign policy in general?

A. I'm concerned that the present period has strong similarities to the 1920s and early 1930s. Just as events in Manchuria in the early 1930s seemed very far away then, there are some that seem far away now. There's a revulsion against involvement overseas because of the mistakes of our latest war. This kind of turning away is dangerous. I think I'm not saying things are going to fall apart. I'm fundamentally optimistic—maybe sometimes a little overly so.

Q. Is there anything about the past year that encourages you?

A. Yes. America has brought the analysis function of intelligence to the highest level it has ever reached. This country has brought about a total revolution in the technological components of intelligence.

Furthermore—and this is a real first—America has brought intelligence under the Constitution. That's not true of any other country. Most countries operate somewhere out on the edges. I'm convinced it's possible to run a secret agency as part of a constitutional society.

Q. Has the CIA been forced to change because of détente?

A. No. We welcome détente. The more



• I think good covert operations . . . can solve a problem at an early stage . . . The U.S. needs an ability to conduct large, unattributed, unadmitted operations. •

foe. We had a major adversary in the Communist world. [There was] a clear feeling that [Communist expansion] was the wave of the future.

The whole thought process about intelligence was different. You were given guidelines and told to go do what had to be done. Congressmen didn't look into it; they expected you to go do it and not bother people with the details. In the process we made some mistakes, sure, but I don't think very many in our 28-year history.

Q. What has been your personal attitude about American agencies keeping tabs on Americans?

A. Having lived around the world and being accustomed to having my phone tapped, I don't get emotional about it. Of course, if it's illegal, we're not going to do it, but I don't get horrified, say, at the idea of someone reading my mail. We don't want a secret-police society, and our laws, our Congress, have set out the kind of society we want.

Q. What was the result of the Bay of Pigs fiasco?

A. I believe if [the covert war against Cuba's Fidel Castro] had succeeded, it would have avoided the Cuban missile crisis, which is the nearest the world ever got to Armageddon. I'm among those who believe the Bay of Pigs failed because we made a tactical mistake: we didn't read our intelligence properly; we thought there was going to be an uprising, and there wasn't enough evidence for that conclusion.

Having failed, the Bay of Pigs led to a decision to get the CIA out of large operations and give them to the military. I believe the U.S. Government needs an ability to conduct large, unattributed, unadmitted operations. Otherwise we're in a position of either having to complain with a diplomatic protest and be ignored, or having to threaten

seriously on the "people's war." Until then, nobody had done anything about winning the war in the villages.

America got into Viet Nam and then decided that there are some things we can't do. Well, I think we didn't do it right. But I think we could have done it.

Q. The war ended in defeat for the U.S. In your opinion, was there any sense in which the U.S. succeeded in Viet Nam?

A. The military equation didn't work. But we won the people's war. By 1972 and 1975 there weren't any true guerrillas in Viet Nam. The people were all on the government's side. The Communist victory in Viet Nam was no more a

• America got into Viet Nam and then decided that there are some things we can't do. Well, I think we didn't do it right. But I think we could have done it. •

result of a guerrilla war than was the Nazi victory in France or Norway.

Q. Both here and abroad, many people consider the CIA an international murder incorporated. How much killing have you seen in your career?

A. It's maddening and frustrating that so many people associate the CIA with dart guns and toxin and assassinations. Just look at the assassination report by Senator Church's committee, a six-month study, and you'll find that over a 25-year period we tried to get rid of two people [Castro and the Belgian Congo's Patrice Lumumba], and we didn't assassinate either of them. The dart gun wasn't used. As for the Phoenix operation in Viet Nam [a controversial counterterrorist operation Colby ran], the fig-

urely information flows, the less we have to scramble for it, the better. I was introduced to Mr. Brezhnev in 1973. He said, "Oh, so this is the head of the CIA. He must be a dangerous man." I replied, "Mr. General Secretary, the more we know about each other, the safer we all will be." He didn't answer.

Q. Do you have any regret about leaving the CIA now?

A. No. I think it's a good idea to have a new face. That may get people thinking more about the future. You see, I have to identify my career with the whole of the agency back through the years. Mr. Bush doesn't. When someone comes up with a horror story about 1948 or 1952, he can say: That's all in the past; let's look to the future.



POLICE

Shock in Cincinnati

Cincinnati has long been heralded as one of the nation's best-policed cities. Pedestrians can safely roam downtown Fountain Square even at night. Pornography is hard to find. Topless and bottomless dancing are strictly forbidden. Thus it came as an extraordinary shock when a county grand jury indicted Cincinnati Police Chief Carl V. Goodin, 42, the commander of the vice squad and six other cops last month for charges ranging from bribery and extortion to perjury. At the same time, Larry Flynt, paunchy publisher of the raunchy newskin magazine *Hustler*, was indicted on charges of bribery and sodomy. Last week the grand jury reconvened, and still more indictments are expected.

Tremendous Shock. "People were kind of horrified," declared City Manager William Donaldson. Goodin and the six other indicted police officers were suspended without pay. Although not linked publicly with any wrongdoing, Deputy Chief Embury Grimes and a district captain abruptly resigned. "It has been a tremendous shock to the city," said Mayor Bobbie Sterne. The grand jury is expected to hand up many more indictments, involving a number of officers as well as some civilians.

Chief Goodin, facing five felony charges that could lead to as much as 15 years in prison, insisted that "I will be vindicated—I have done nothing illegal, unethical or immoral."

An up-from-the-ranks officer, Goodin graduated first in his class of recruits and was named chief in 1971. He won nationwide attention with a neighborhood team-policing concept, which involved taking

cops out of their cruisers and assigning them to long-term service on beats so that they could get to know their assigned neighborhoods. He also established an alcohol-action project, which included mandatory rehabilitation classes for drunken drivers. His department was a model for other cities in the early 1970s.

Then last summer an anonymous postcard advised investigators that all was not well. Other tips followed, including a letter from nine unidentified police officers, disclosing that patrolmen were being forced to pay kickbacks to their commanders for off-duty work and that a cops' slush fund for social affairs and special police equipment had mysteriously disappeared. A department probe was launched, and when it began unearthing evidence of corruption, the grand jury took over. What it was investigating was a story of vice cops soliciting bribes and police shaking down people for money, merchandise and prostitutes' services. Under Simon Leis Jr., 41, Hamilton County prosecutor and a personal friend of Goodin's, the grand jury charged the chief and two officers with having lied to the jurors during the investigation.

The probe involved police tolerance of flagrant offenses in Cincinnati's taverns. One of them was the Clock Bar, a joint that offered free meals and booze to cops who overlooked the flourishing trade in hard drugs carried on there (one report said 646 bags of heroin were seized there in an eight-month period last year). Yet the Clock kept ticking: it

did not close until a plainclothesman was shot to death near by last summer.

Publisher Flynt, who claims a 1.5 million circulation for his monumentally vulgar magazine ("We're looking to turn the reader on, not respond to some sexual fantasy"), is charged with offering the services of a prostitute to one of the city's vice-squad members. Flynt runs three Hustler Clubs in Ohio, tacky rip-offs of the Playboy Clubs, offering expensive drinks and leggy "hostesses." His Cincinnati dive has been in and out of trouble with the police and the state's liquor-control commission for several years.

What went wrong? Longtime observers point out that the department's reputation as a superclean force may have lulled the community into smugness about the police. Both Cincinnati's city hall and its two daily newspapers were tame watchdogs. Said one dismayed patrolman: "The top man has been indicted; it couldn't be much worse. There is a dark cloud hanging over all of us." So much so that when Acting Chief Myron Leister took over, one of his first acts was to replace the entire 13-man vice squad.

A Quota for Chicago

After more than five years of lawsuits aimed at ending discriminatory hiring practices, a federal judge last week imposed a stunningly sweeping quota system on Chicago's police department. Within the next 90 days, ruled U.S. District Court Judge Prentice H. Marshall, the department must hire 400 new officers—50% of them black and Hispanic males, 16.5% women and 33.5% white males. The judge also imposed a similar quota on future hiring. Until the city complies, added Marshall, it cannot touch U.S. revenue-sharing funds that were withheld from Chicago since December 1974 under a separate but related suit and now total \$95 million.

Marshall's decision aroused intense controversy in Chicago and extreme anxiety among police chiefs elsewhere, few of whom can match Chicago's record: 18% minority representation in its 13,500-man force. The Chicago *Tribune*, while editorially criticizing the city for its failure to produce a workable plan, called Marshall's solution "absurdly arbitrary." Grumbled Mayor Richard Daley: "A quota system is alien to America. We will fight this as long as we're around. What about the Polish, the Italians, the Jews—and don't forget the American Indians. They were here first." What probably irritated the aging (73) but still feisty Daley even more is that the decision to withhold revenue sharing, which is currently being appealed, has forced him to go begging for money in spite of Chicago's financial good health. Daley has had to borrow \$55 million from local banks to tide the city over a liquidity crisis.

CINCINNATI'S POLICE CHIEF GOODIN



HUSTLER'S FLYNT & A FRIEND





KISSINGER, JOAN & TOM BRADEN

THE ADMINISTRATION

Consumer Chic

According to the *Federal Register*, the job calls for someone to "review existing mechanisms of consumer input, thrust and output" as part of a plan to "confirm and reinforce the [State] Department's sensitivity to consumer rights... with respect to the maintenance and expansion of an international dialogue and awareness."

If that all sounds like an onput (as a Washington *Post* editorial suggested), it is not. And it had all better be perfectly clear to Joan Braden, 49, mother of eight and wife of Syndicated Columnist Tom Braden, because she is now being paid \$37,800 per annum to make sense out of it.

Mrs. Braden is the new consumer-affairs coordinator for the State Department, under a program being established by President Ford. Eventually there will be 17 such coordinators—one each for all eleven Cabinet departments and six agencies. The program is Ford's riposte to a consumer-protection agency that Congress wants to establish and the President plans to veto. Other consumer posts had been set up without attracting attention. Then the State Department announced Mrs. Braden's appointment and Washington went into a tizzy.

Close Friends. Her credentials are acceptable. She is a graduate of Northwestern, where she studied economics, has worked for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and has done magazine writing. But none of this makes her a consumer specialist. In fact, her best-known specialty is throwing chic dinners at her \$250,000 Chevy Chase, Md., home, often attended by such close friends as Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Vice President

Nelson Rockefeller (who once lent her husband more than \$180,000 to help purchase a small paper in California). Could these two luminaries have helped her get the job? No, says Joan Braden, who insists that she never talked to Kissinger or Rockefeller about the job.

She was sure she would appreciate the salary. In his recent book, *Eight Is Enough*, her husband wrote: "I am broke, and I am nearly always broke." Said Mrs. Braden: "We need the money. I'm not ashamed of that at all." Still, some observers thought the appointment was another case of the Washington Establishment looking after its own.

More troubling to some critics was the definition of the job. According to a Ralph Nader organization, Public Citizen, "the ridiculous and arcane bureaucratic language used in the preparation of the [State Department] report comes closer to parody than serious Government proposal." Mrs. Braden admits to being somewhat vague about her duties ("I've only been here since Friday," she said last week, after her first days on the job). Most probably, she will attempt to apply her clear-as-mud mandate to such matters as wheat sales, export taxes and passports. But even some State Department officials concede that in their domain consumer concerns are abstract at best and entrenched bureaucrats will probably resist consumerist encroachments on their powers.

This week Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, Commerce Secretary Rogers Morton and Housing and Urban Development Secretary Carla Hills will hit the road to explain the Ford idea. There will be nine open meetings throughout the country and three sessions in Washington, D.C. But all this input may not be enough to clear up the mystery of just what a consumer coordinator is supposed to output. Lamented one Ford official: "It's not the easiest program in the world to explain."

(six are currently on duty). She is also the first woman to win a major ambassadorial post since Clare Boothe Luce served in Rome in the Eisenhower years.

The daughter of wealthy New Orleans Coffee Importer Armand Legendre, who belonged to a Creole family, Anne Armstrong earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at Vassar and worked briefly for the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. In 1950 she married wealthy Texas Rancher Tobin Armstrong (who will probably accompany her to London) and became mistress of a 50,000-acre Southern Texas spread. Besides being mother of five children, Mrs. Armstrong helps keep the ranch books, works with the Santa Gertrudis cattle on occasion—"She can cut a herd with the best of them," says her husband. She is also an active sports-woman (tennis, swimming and hunting).

Licking Stamps. She started in Republican politics in the early '50s, raising funds and licking stamps in a Texas precinct. Within a few years she was a National Committeewoman, and by 1972 she had become the first woman co-chairman of the party and the first woman to deliver the keynote address at a major national political convention. But she has repeatedly refused to run for office herself.

As counselor to Nixon, Anne Armstrong had a wide range of responsibilities—sitting on the Council on Wage and Price Stability and the domestic council, among other jobs. Her name was briefly mentioned as a possible Vice President after Spiro Agnew resigned. Says Women's Activist Jill Ruckelshaus, who worked for her during the Watergate days: "She was for women's rights when it meant not very much to anybody. She's primarily responsible for getting women into the military academies. She convinced the White House that women are the future."

ANNE ARMSTRONG

Sugar and Steel

"She is the best woman politician I've seen," said a Texas Republican last week of Anne Legendre Armstrong. "She's sugar and steel." Gerald Ford, who will announce her appointment as U.S. Ambassador to Britain this week, plainly agrees. Those who knew her as co-chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1972 or as a Cabinet-rank White House counselor during the Nixon Administration were equally extravagant in their notices. At once tough, gracious and articulate, Mrs. Armstrong is one of Ford's more distinguished appointments. The only shadow of criticism is that she doggedly defended Richard Nixon until almost the last bloody moment of Watergate.

In going to London to replace incoming Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson, Mrs. Armstrong, 48, will become the 14th woman to be named a U.S. ambassador since World War II



AFRICA

The Angola Summit: Fight and Talk

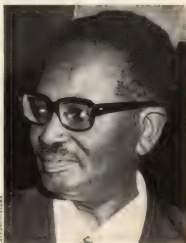
"The situation there today is better than yesterday." So said President Ford last week during a visit to St. Louis when he was asked about the bloody civil war in Angola. The question was, better for whom? Militarily and diplomatically, the Soviet-backed Luanda government of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) appeared to be on the verge of some notable victories in what may very well be the turning point in the war. On the ground, it delivered a series of telling blows to one rival faction involved in the war, the U.S.-supported National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.). Meanwhile, there was a strong chance that the M.P.L.A. might be recognized as the country's legitimate government by a majority of the 46 member states of the Organization of African Unity, which at week's end began an emergency summit in Addis Ababa to discuss Angola.

Warring Factions. At the session, Africa's leaders faced the most serious crisis of unity in the O.A.U.'s troubled twelve-year history. Last week Chad, Libya and Niger recognized the M.P.L.A. government; 22 African states—only two short of a majority—have now endorsed the leftist regime headed by Agostinho Neto. So far, no nation has recognized either the F.N.L.A. or its coalition partner, the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNI-

TA), which are actively backed by the U.S., South Africa and Zaïre. The current chairman of the O.A.U., Idi Amin of Uganda, as well as such influential African leaders as Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, still hope to promote a government of national unity composed of Angola's three warring factions.

At week's end, that prospect seemed increasingly dim as M.P.L.A. forces, equipped by a massive Soviet airlift of arms and equipment and aided by some 7,500 Cuban soldiers, routed the F.N.L.A. in one battle after another on the northern front. The most important town to fall into M.P.L.A. hands was the provincial capital of Uíge (formerly Carmona). Once considered impregnable, the F.N.L.A. stronghold was abandoned without a fight after an M.P.L.A. rocket assault. After the fall of Uíge, the M.P.L.A. captured the nearby airfield of Ngage, which had been the F.N.L.A.'s major supply point for arms from neighboring Zaïre. The M.P.L.A. claimed to have seized a string of towns in northern Angola, including Caracassala, Cangala, Samba and Vista Alegre. M.P.L.A. forces were also reported closing in on the seacoast city of Ambriz, the only port held by the F.N.L.A. If that city falls, some foreign intelligence sources predict, the F.N.L.A. may collapse entirely.

As the fighting grew, so did the toll in human suffering. International



M.P.L.A. LEADER NETO
Some notable victories.

Red Cross officials last week said the civilian death toll alone may be as high as 100,000, although most estimates had been less than half that. In addition, the Red Cross said that "unknown thousands" have become refugees.

Against this backdrop, there were hints that Neto might be prepared to offer UNITA's Joseph Savimbi a share in a (two-way) coalition government. Neto gets along well with Savimbi, and such a move might avoid further bloodshed, since UNITA commands enough tribal support in the south to deny the M.P.L.A. outright victory for some months and possibly longer.

Cosmetic Diplomacy. Such an offer to Savimbi would simplify matters for the O.A.U., which must decide whether to stick to its 1975 resolution supporting an Angolan government of national unity or go along with the "new realities." For many African leaders, the sticking point is South Africa's active support of the F.N.L.A.-UNITA forces—which, in fact, is the main reason why so many countries have recognized Neto's Luanda government. If South Africa agrees to withdraw its estimated 1,000 regulars and mercenaries from Angola, and if Neto proves willing to form a joint M.P.L.A.-UNITA government, it appears likely that the O.A.U. would overwhelmingly approve a resolution demanding a cease-fire and withdrawal of all foreign troops from Angola. Failing that, however, there were fears that the organization could be fatally split.

In Washington, one State Depart-





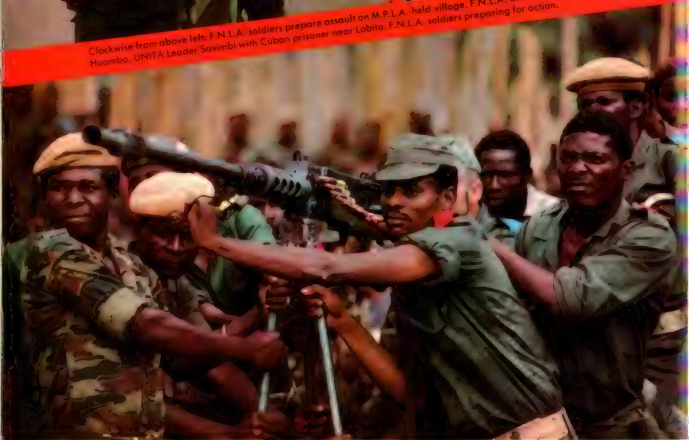
ANGOLAN AGONY

Above: Refugees from Uige, captured this week by the M.P.L.A., flee fighting around the city. Left: Burned bodies of M.P.L.A. prisoners executed after battle with F.N.L.A. troops. Below left: More enemy soldiers killed in the civil war. Below: F.N.L.A. soldiers drag wounded comrade.





Clockwise from above left, F.N.L.A. soldiers prepare assault on M.P.L.A. held village, F.N.L.A. Chief Holden Roberto entering Huambo, UNITA Leader Savimbi with Cuban prisoner near Lobito, F.N.L.A. soldiers preparing for action.



ment official ruefully observed that almost the only bright light of the week was that the leaders of the F.N.L.A. "have yet to flee the country." In fact, Angola may prove to be a diplomatic debacle for the U.S. Its chosen client, Holden Roberto, is widely regarded in Africa and Europe as corrupt and inefficient. By seeming to side with the hated racist regime in Pretoria, Washington risked permanently alienating most Black African states.

President Ford did not help matters much by sending a personal letter to Nigeria's strongman, Brigadier Murtala Muhammad, and other African leaders arguing that the M.P.L.A. "should not be allowed to assume total power by force of Soviet and Cuban arms." At the same time, the letter appeared to justify South African involvement on the grounds of "national interest." Nigeria interpreted the letter, coming as it did on the eve of the O.A.U. summit, as a bullying tactic, and angrily branded the message "an insult to the intelligence of African nations." The *Nigerian Herald* devoted half of its front page to the headline TO HELL WITH AMERICA, and went on to denounce Ford's "double-quick march to the right wing" and Henry Kissinger's "cosmetic diplomacy."

On Their Own. Soviet and Cuban support for the M.P.L.A. has been on too massive a scale to allow for an F.N.L.A. victory even under the best of circumstances. Since early November, Soviet air force Antonov-22 cargo planes have mounted regular flights via Algeria to Maya-Maya in Congo-Brazzaville and directly to Henrique de Carvalho in northeastern Angola. Other airlifts have gone to Conakry and from there on to Angola. Supplies have included perhaps 300 Czechoslovak-made Tatra armored troop carriers, some 70 T-34 battle tanks, 50 PT-76 amphibious tanks and large quantities of SA-7 missiles, 122-mm. multiple-rocket launchers, wheel-mounted antitank recoilless guns, 3-in. mortars, heavy machine guns and AK-47 assault rifles.

This is by far the largest export of Soviet military equipment in recent years to a foreign area outside the Middle East. Last week the Pentagon was closely watching three Soviet ships—a guided-missile destroyer, a guided-missile cruiser and an amphibious-tank landing ship—which were moving near Angola. They are the first Russian naval vessels reported in the area since 1973.

The acknowledged U.S. effort to support the F.N.L.A.-UNITA alliance, by contrast, has amounted to \$32 million, piped mostly through Zaïre. Washington insists that it has absolutely no sanctioned plans to train or recruit Americans or foreigners for service in Angola, despite published rumors to the contrary. In fact, American military men have been seen piloting cargo planes and acting as so-called "observers" in



SOVIET FREIGHTER, ITS DECKS CRAMMED WITH TRUCKS, DOCKS AT LUANDA PORT AREA Along with massive airlifts of tanks, machine guns, missiles and mortars.

Angola, but their official status could not be determined. The Pentagon insists that if Americans are fighting in Angola, they are mercenaries on their own.

In light of the weakening position of the F.N.L.A.-UNITA coalition, it seemed that the West's best hope would be to reduce Moscow's influence in Angola, or, in the words of one British government official, "to help the M.P.L.A. get the Russians off their back." In a recent interview with Paris' *Le Monde*, Neto declared that he does not want Angola to become a Russian satellite "just because the Soviet Union supplies us with weapons." One helpful

first step would be to persuade the South Africans to withdraw their forces from the conflict. Last week there were renewed efforts by the U.S., Britain and Zambia to do just that. Once the Russians' propaganda card has been removed, opinion in the O.A.U. might be mobilized to support the withdrawal of all foreign forces—including the Russians and the Cubans. And although President Ford ruled out withholding American grain shipments as a means of pressuring the Russians, he also served notice to Moscow last week that continued Soviet intervention in Angola would damage "broader relations" with the U.S.

UGANDA'S IDI AMIN (LEFT) AT O.A.U. SUMMIT WITH ETHIOPIAN LEADER TAFARI BANTI



TOUGH NEW MAN IN PEKING

Eternal glory to Comrade Chou En-lai, great proletarian revolutionary of the Chinese people and outstanding Communist fighter!

So, in part, read the official announcement issued last week by Hsinhua, the Chinese press agency. Soon after, it appeared again on the black-bordered front page of Peking's *People's Daily*; it was broadcast, preceded by solemn music, every half-hour on radio stations throughout China. In Peking, the elevator girl in an office building used by foreign journalists burst into tears when she heard the news. Headlines appeared in newspapers throughout the world, and messages of condolence started pouring into the Chinese capital. In a rare gesture of sympathy and respect, the flags at the U.S. consulate in Hong Kong and at the staid, very British Hong Kong Club flew at half mast, as did all the red banners in China. Chou En-lai, for a quarter century Premier of the State Council of the People's Republic of China and the able administrator of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's policies, was dead of cancer at the age of 77. A me-

morial service, with no foreign dignitaries present, was announced for Jan. 15.

According to the official obituary issued by the Central Committee of the Communist Party, he had been suffering from cancer for almost four years. It had been widely thought that Chou had had heart attacks; the obituary was the first official word that cancer prompted his virtual retirement from public life in June 1974 to a secluded hospital in Peking. Chou apparently played a role in some major policy decisions up until the last few months of his life, but most of his responsibilities had already been entrusted to First Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, who will almost certainly be appointed Premier. True to his reputation as an administrator par excellence, Chou apparently managed even his own passing from the political scene with dexterity. Sinologists expect no power struggle over Teng's assumption of higher office—at least not soon.

Yet Chou's death raises important questions about China's future. How long will the succession he so patiently stage-managed endure? Will Teng and his fellow bureaucrats carry on Chou's

moderate policies? Most important of all to those outside of China, will Chou's belief in cautious detente with the U.S., Japan and Western Europe, and his unremitting hostility toward the Soviet Union continue to guide foreign policy?

As long as Chou remained alive, even gravely ill on a hospital bed, the policies pursued by Teng Hsiao-ping bore the stamp of the Premier's authority. For many world statesmen—notably including Henry Kissinger—Chou personified what they would like China to be: reasonable, flexible, nonaggressive (see obituary, page 30). With the Premier's death, China lost half of the remarkable team that symbolized the People's Republic both to its own people and to those outside. Now only Mao remains, mentally alert at 82 but frail, slack-jawed and slurred of speech.

Teng has impressive credentials as a wily politician and a pragmatic administrator. Yet he lacks the almost spiritual aura enjoyed by Mao and Chou as architects of the New China. Moreover, Teng does not enjoy a large power base of his own. His leadership depends on the approval of the aging chairman and the apparent consent of factions within the party whose often bitter quarrels were effectively stilled by Chou.

In practice, Teng is the "new man" in Peking, even though it may be odd to so describe a veteran of 71 who has spent most of his life in China's political wars. The U.S. has always been fascinated by China, whether it was seen as an ally, a fanatical adversary or, as now, a somewhat remote power that has entered into some limited foreign policy partnership with the U.S. In an increasingly difficult world—Indochina lost, Russian detente severely strained, Southern Europe threatened by Communism, and murky battles looming with the Third World—the U.S. basically wants to know whether, in the long run, China will be friend or foe. The man who will shape a large part of the answer is Teng.

That fact alone represents one of the most astounding personal turnabouts in recent history. A few years ago, Teng, rather than standing in line for the premiership of China, was in deep and seemingly irremediable disgrace. In the early 1960s, before the cataclysmic Cultural Revolution, Teng was Secretary-General of the Communist Party and one of the most powerful figures in China. But in 1966 he was ruthlessly attacked by the Red Guards and the radical factions in the party that spurred on the Cultural Revolution. In accordance with China's political style, Teng was not officially denounced by name, but there was no mistake that he

CHINA'S VICE PREMIER TENG HSIAO-PING DURING A VISIT TO PARIS LAST YEAR



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My cigarette has to do two jobs.


I smoke for taste—but I still want low tar and nicotine.

I smoke Winston Lights because they give me what I want: real taste and lighter tar and nicotine.

A lot of cigarettes try to do both jobs, but for me only one always has real taste. Winston Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette.
FTC Report MAR. 75.



**"We must
preserve natural
forests."**

Many Americans say our forests are a priceless national heritage to be preserved forever. Other people think these trees should be harvested for houses, paper and other wood products. Both views seem right, but contradictory.

A forest is a majestic presence. Its trees the tallest and oldest of living things. Some older than the pyramids: 4,000 years! Forests provide cover for wild things. Places to fish, hunt, hike, camp. They protect our watersheds from flood and soil erosion. They beautify our nation.

But these same forests are sources of essential raw materials for paper, furniture, homes. Chemicals for industry. Waxes, adhesives. Cellulose derivatives for clear coatings. Wood flour for plastic fillers. Our forest product needs will double in 25 years.

What to do? Cut? Or let stand? The answer may lie in the forests themselves.

They are a marvelously renewable resource. When cut, they can be regrown for harvest again. We can balance our need for wilderness and parks—for great forests—with our need for wood products. Forever.

But it takes responsible forest management. Today, managed forest industry lands produce about twice the wood of non-industry lands. We need to bring this kind of management to more forest lands. To restock idle scrub, to make wider use of genetically superior trees. To encourage tree farming.


These measures will both increase wood production and broaden forest lands.

Caterpillar machines work our forests: in land preparation, clearing, building roads, fighting fires, replanting, harvesting. We know how important forests are to our way of life.

**There are no
simple solutions.
Only
intelligent choices.**

 **CATERPILLAR**

Caterpillar, Cat and  are Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.



**"We must have
more wood."**



CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG LAST FALL
Half the team is lost.

was the man accused of being "the No. 2 party person (after still-disgraced Liu Shao-chi) taking the capitalist road."

Teng's rehabilitation in 1973, a move that had to be approved by Mao, attests to Chou En-lai's determination to rebuild the governing hierarchy in the wake of the Cultural Revolution's devastations. But clearly Teng's ascent to the pinnacle of China's huge bureaucracy is equally due to the fact that he is a tough, shrewd and talented administrator—just the kind of man needed by Chou and Mao to help pull the bureaucracy back together.

After his visit to Peking in December, Henry Kissinger was asked what he thought of Teng. "Teng" and I get along fine," Kissinger replied. "Teng is a different man than Chou En-lai. He's more bureaucratic. He's more direct. He's more pragmatic. Teng is extremely intelligent."

Things obviously have changed since the two first met, when Kissinger reportedly referred to Chou's heir apparent as "that nasty little man." Ruthless and arrogant, the tiny (4-ft. 11-in.) Vice Premier is considerably different

"The Secretary pronounces the name 'Teeng'." actually, 'Dung' is correct.

in style from his urbane predecessor. He lacks Chou's subtlety and sinuous charm, not to mention his manners. In the middle of a conversation, he will often expectorate noisily into a handy spittoon. "You must forgive me," he may say. "I am just a country boy."

Teng's public statements are also direct and unabashed. At one banquet in Peking last autumn, Teng—a notably anti-Soviet hard-liner—criticized the Russians so harshly that Moscow's Ambassador to China stalked out without bothering to finish dessert. Teng was less irascible but equally blunt in warning the U.S. against the dangers of détente when President Ford visited China last December. "Rhetoric about détente cannot cover up the stark reality of the growing danger of war," he declared. Teng evidently relishes his new power. Shortly after his rehabilitation, visitors to China said he seemed a bit hesitant and unsure of himself. Now, say more recent visitors, he seems confident and very much in command.

Teng likes to hint that he was merely a poor farmer's son. In fact, he was born in Szechwan to a well-to-do family. Like Chou, Teng went to France on a work-study program when he was 16. Before he left Paris six years later, he had joined the Chinese Communist Party. He returned home (by way of Moscow) to become a guerrilla commander after the Communist split with Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang in 1927. Also like Chou, he is a veteran of Mao's legendary Long March, which until recently was essential for anyone hoping to rise high in the party hierarchy. In 1954, after service as Minister of Finance and Vice Premier, Teng was named the party's Secretary-General. At that time he was almost unique among China's leaders in being personally close both to Mao and to party bureaucrats like Liu Shao-chi, the former chief of state who fell into disgrace because of his "revisionist" policies.

During the early 1960s, Teng presided over a gradualist, agriculture-oriented, economic-recovery program that undid much of the chaos of Mao's Great Leap Forward project. Apparent-

ly he had some differences with Mao over economic policy. "For the purpose of increasing agricultural production," Teng declared in 1962 in a now notorious phrase, "any by-hook-or-by-crook method can be applied. It doesn't matter whether a cat is black or white so long as it catches mice." At the same time, he also suggested that "the dictatorship be diluted and democracy be expanded," a remark that was later interpreted as a direct challenge to Mao's belief that the party's reins of power should never be relaxed.

In light of his links with the entrenched bureaucracy, it is not surprising that he became a victim of the purges spawned by the Cultural Revolution. Red Guard pamphlets mercilessly denigrated him as a dissolute, high-living potentate who used his high office to indulge his gluttonous tastes and his bourgeois devotion to bridge and mah-jongg; it was said that he frequently commanded special planes and railway cars to bring his card-playing cronies along on jaunts round the country. At one point he was driven through the streets in a truck with a dunce cap pulled over his ears, jeered at by a screeching, vengeful mob of Red Guards. Eventually he confessed to all

THE WORLD

FLAG FLYING AT HALF-MAST IN PEKING'S TIANANMEN SQUARE MARKING CHOU'S DEATH





TENG WITH PRESIDENT FORD AT 1975 PEKING BANQUET
In the Great Hall of the People, carefully testing the question of whether China will be a friend.



WITH KISSINGER DURING SECRETARY OF STATE'S 1974 VISIT
In the Great Hall of the People, carefully testing the question of whether China will be a friend.

the charges against him and admitted that his "thought and attitude were incompatible with Mao's thought."

Teng was forced to resign his party posts, and for nearly seven years he was in effect a non-person. Some Sinologists believe that Teng spent his years of obscurity reading the works of Mao, Marx and Lenin and visiting communes and factories "in order to gain empathy for workers and peasants." He was, however, spared hard physical labor out of consideration for his age. In April 1973, he suddenly reappeared at a banquet in Peking and was led to his seat by Mao's niece Wang Hai-jung, now a Vice Foreign Minister. By the following January, Teng had been fully rehabilitated, appointed Chou's Vice Premier and listed as a Politburo member. His leadership role was officially sealed when Teng led a Chinese delegation to the U.N. special session on raw materials in New York in 1974. When he boarded a plane in Peking for the flight to the U.S., he was seen off by virtually the entire Politburo.

His trip to the U.S. was a message to the rest of the world that, as Chou En-lai withdrew from public life, Teng would become China's principal international spokesman, the man who would handle the substantive discussions with the stream of foreign leaders who still make their way to Peking's Great Hall of the People.

The Administration's response to Chou's death was a verbal sign of the importance Washington attaches to Sino-American relations and, by indirection, of the hopes it has that Teng will continue Chou's policies. President Ford called Chou "a remarkable leader who has left his imprint not only on the history of modern China but also on the world scene."

By contrast, the Kremlin, which for years has portrayed Chou as Mao's anti-Soviet henchman, found no cause for mourning. *Pravda* noted Chou's death in a one-inch, six-line item near the bot-

tom of page 5, beneath a routine story about the Common Market; the paper gave less space to Chou's death than it did to a Cabinet shuffle in Ecuador and a Burmese campaign against smuggling. The brevity of the announcements and the absence, at week's end, of official comment indicated that the Russians were proceeding with their customary caution. Like Washington, Moscow presumably expects no immediate shift in China's stance toward the Soviet Union. Still, Moscow knows well that there are those in Peking, especially in the military, who feel that a continued confrontation with the Soviet Union is unproductive and expensive.

These policy revisionists may have been responsible for a symbolic act that both surprised and pleased the Russians. Several weeks ago, China released three Russian helicopter pilots it had captured inside Chinese territory almost two years ago. Some Sinologists interpreted that gesture to mean that Peking was receptive to improving relations with Moscow. There is no doubt also that many Chinese are dissatisfied with the slow pace of Sino-U.S. "normalization." Moreover, as the cool reception accorded Kissinger on his last visit to Peking unmistakably indicated, most Chinese, Teng included, are clearly upset that the U.S. has refused to draw back from its policy of détente with the Russians. The worst possibility from Washington's standpoint is that Peking, feeling that the U.S. is not an effective bulwark against the Soviet menace, will decide to come to new terms with Moscow. Despite their differences, China and Russia are both Marxist states for whom capitalism is the enemy.

Indeed, it is the view of some informed Sinologists that once Mao has died, China will become far more flexible in its relations with the Russians. According to Sino-Soviet Expert Donald

Zagoria of Hunter College, Mao's anti-Soviet obsession squelched several initiatives aimed at reconciling the differences between Peking and Moscow. On one occasion in 1966, Japanese Communist leaders attempted to get the two sides to agree to a joint communiqué concerning the Viet Nam War. Mao ridiculed the Chinese who were involved in the effort as "weak-kneed people." Eventually, however, pressures for reconciliation could mount. The benefits of a rapprochement with Moscow would include reduced defense expenditures, technical aid and, of course, the virtual elimination of the prospect of a nuclear war. Despite his frequent denunciations of the Soviets as "social imperialists," even Teng might in the long run find these benefits difficult to resist.

Such a drastic turn in Sino-Soviet relations could upset the structure of U.S. foreign policy, which, to some extent, has involved a balancing act between Moscow and Peking. But even if the Chinese settle some of their differences with Moscow, they will surely not return to the relationship the two countries had before their break in the 1950s, when China acquiesced in virtual Soviet domination. Whether or not there is an eventual Sino-Soviet détente, the immediate future will probably be marked with continued bitter hostility. Even before his precipitous fall during the Cultural Revolution, Teng was one of the leading anti-Soviets on China's Central Committee. Equally important, men long closely associated with Chou dominated China's Foreign Ministry and control its policies. Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua, who has held the office since November 1974, had long been one of Chou's closest protégés; he is also believed to have a very close relationship with Teng. U.N. Ambassador Huang Hua and U.S. Liaison Office Chief Huang Chen, both members of the Central Committee, were hand-picked by Chou for those posts.

THE WORLD

In the hands of such pragmatic diplomats, Chinese foreign policy is likely to retain Chou En-lai's approach: pragmatic, outgoing and de-emphasizing ideology. Enjoying formal relations with well over 100 countries—including cordial ties with most of the key countries in its own region like Japan, the Philippines and Thailand—China is unlikely to return to narrow xenophobia.

On the domestic scene, China will no doubt continue to stress production without sacrificing revolutionary fervor. China's press, for example, has been filled recently with Maoist exhortations—all distinct echoes from the radical rhetoric of the Cultural Revolution—about the crucial importance of political education and the necessity to remain vigilant against "revisionist" ideas. Party officials take seriously the problem of retaining ideological purity and preventing the leadership from hardening into a "new class" of privileged bureaucrats. In recent weeks two high education officials, Tsinghua University Chief Lu Ping and Education Minister Chou Jung-hsin, have been angrily accused by students of "revisionist" practices—meaning too much emphasis on technical excellence and not enough on ideology. Two weeks ago, in the traditional New Year's editorial, China's newspapers celebrated the achievements of the Cultural Revolution.

Nonetheless, that same editorial advocated very un-Cultural Revolutionary means to attain China's goals: it banned the forming of "fighting groups" and declared that major issues of right and wrong "should be settled through debate." Most China watchers feel that the delicate balance struck by Chou between pragmatism and ideology—or between expertise and Redness—will endure.

Confidence that moderation may prevail in China is inspired by the success of a number of policies favored by Chou and carried out by Teng. China's trade deficit of more than \$1 billion in 1974 was significantly reduced last year by cutting back on foreign imports. Meanwhile agricultural policy, as managed by Teng, has produced happy results: there has been a highly creditable 7% annual increase in grain production since 1972. Steel output has also risen by an impressive 10% a year since 1971, while oil output last year was about 25% higher than in 1974. So long as Teng's economic policies prove successful, it will be difficult for radical factions in the party to mount an effective challenge to his leadership. Moreover, Teng, who also holds the post of Chief of Staff of the armed forces, is highly respected by China's powerful regional military commanders—another advantage he holds over potential radical adversaries in the party. Last year, when radical leaders were unable to quell labor disturbances in several Hangchow factories, it was Teng, with military support, who

successfully took charge of ending the troubles.

Still, there remains a good chance that the future will bring factional challenges for Teng. The dominant group in China now consists of bureaucrats, led by Teng, whom Chou En-lai carefully restored to high positions after the chaos of the Cultural Revolution. These tough veteran bureaucrats constitute a rather exclusive club. Despite abundant official rhetoric urging cooperation among the young, the middle-aged and the old, there have been relatively few opportunities for the young within the party. Of the 19 current Politburo members, one is 90, two are over 80 and four others are over 70. Most of the others are believed to be over 60. In China, where 60% of the people are under 25, gerontocratic rule could eventually cause explosive friction.

The bureaucracy's inveterate enemy remains a radical clique centering around Mao's wife Chiang Ching; perhaps by exploiting the dissatisfactions of youth, this group can in time make another serious bid for power. These potential frictions will probably not develop until Mao passes from the scene. Says Boston University China Scholar Merle Goldman: "Just as Chou's power came ultimately from Mao, so does Teng's."

Eventually a plenary session of the National People's Congress will have to be held to designate Teng the new Premier. Similarly, there will have to be a Politburo meeting to elect party Vice Chairmen to replace both Chou and another top leader, Kang Sheng, who died one month ago. A strong candidate is Chang Chun-chiao, 63, the onetime Shanghai radical, who has decided to cooperate with the moderates.

Teng has more enemies than Chou ever had. Many party veterans recall that in the mid-1950s, Teng rose to power by in effect stepping over the dead body of the pro-Soviet Kao Kang, who

was then a key member of the Politburo and supreme ruler of the provinces in Manchuria. Kao reportedly committed suicide in a Peking prison after Teng's brutal denunciation of him at a 1955 Central Committee plenum. But if Teng is worried about any long knives, he has not shown it. He is even indulging his old epicurean tastes. Just recently his favorite Szechuanese restaurant in Peking, the Chengtu, reopened, and is packed daily. It had been closed since Teng fell into disgrace back in 1966.

RED GUARDS BELABORING U.S. IN 1967



CHINESE ARMY HONOR GUARD LINED UP FOR PRESIDENT FORD'S ARRIVAL IN PEKING



'A BUILDER, NOT A POET'

Henry Kissinger once called him "the greatest statesman of our era." Indeed, few men in the 20th century did more than Chou En-lai to forge the Chinese revolution and to change the shape of international politics. Chou was for a quarter-century the overseer of China's vast governing bureaucracy. As the chief architect of China's foreign policy under Chairman Mao Tse-tung, he charted Peking's course of independence from the two superpowers, creating in the process a new world center of power and influence. Suave, shrewd and enduring, he advanced the cause of China with Metternichian dexterity and a flair for the dramatic gesture. When he died of cancer last week at the age of 77, Chou left behind him a life of extraordinary achievement as revolutionary, soldier and administrator of the world's most populous nation.

Among the dedicated and often fanatical men who led the Chinese Communist Party, Chou was unique. Mao, though a poet and an intellectual, was also a soldier who had much in common with the rough, parochial peasant comrades who forged the revolution. By contrast, Chou was silkily urbane, almost a throwback to the old Mandarin bureaucrats of imperial China. His courtly manners and experience in the ways of the world made him, outside China, a symbol of Oriental patience and guile. U.S. Secretary of State Kissinger was not the only Western diplomat who, after a treasured cup of tea with Chou in Peking's Great Hall of the People, came away convinced that China's Premier was "one of the most intelligent men I've ever met." For decades, he enjoyed instructing Westerners in the intricacies of Chinese politics. Recalls Author Theodore H. White, who knew Chou in the 1940s: "The greatest com-

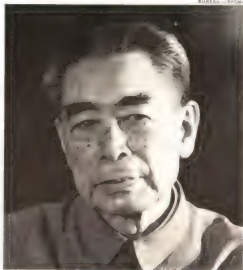
pliment he could pay anyone was to say, 'Aha! At last you're beginning to understand China.'"

Unlike Mao, Chou was not a theoretician, but rather a kind of inspired pragmatist—"a builder, not a poet," as his old friend Journalist Edgar Snow put it. Nevertheless, he was a supporter of certain of the doctrines of Mao, especially the Chairman's lifelong campaign to prevent the revolutionary leadership

seemingly inexhaustible. Like many other leaders of the Chinese revolution, he liked to work through the night. Visitors to China, even in recent years, were often ushered into Chou's presence after midnight, finding him tireless and perpetually alert in conversations that lasted until daybreak. His wife Teng Ying-chao, a prominent revolutionary in her own right, admitted that she was unable to persuade him to slow his exhausting tempo even after his declining health forced him to delegate some responsibility to his heir apparent, Vice Premier Teng.

In the wake of the chaotic Cultural Revolution of 1966-69, Chou was the man who returned the economy to order and tried to build a stable political leadership based upon a shrewd balancing of China's party factions. In foreign policy, China, under Chou's leadership, finally acquired the seat on the U.N. Security Council that had long been held by Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists on Taiwan. The following year, he welcomed President Richard Nixon to Peking. That capped what may have been Chou's most significant foreign policy achievement: the celebrated, though sometimes exaggerated rapprochement between the U.S. and China. It was an event that symbolized China's emergence as a potential superpower; for Chou, it ensured his historic reputation as one of the 20th century's masters of statecraft.

Chou's adult life was entirely taken up with hard political fighting, and his capacity to survive became legendary. Born in 1898 into a well-to-do Mandarin family, he quickly got involved in the revolutionary movements that swept China as the tottering Manchu dynasty came to an end. A slight, somewhat effeminate youth, Chou studied at a Western-style high school in Tientsin and spent two undergraduate years in Japan. Returning to China during the cultural ferment




CHINA'S LATE PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI (1898-1976)
A Metternichian charm, a flair for the dramatic.

from hardening into a new "revisionist" ruling class. Over the years, Chou became China's indispensable man, an administrator whose control over the governing bureaucracy gave him the key to the day-to-day operations of the country, thereby allowing Mao to play the important but sometimes detached role of spiritual guide, dedicated to inspiring revolutionary spirit.

Despite his frail physique, Chou was

FROM LEFT, CHOU IN 1936 AS RED ARMY OFFICER; IN 1931 AS COMMUNIST OFFICIAL; IN EARLY 1950S WITH TENG YING-CHAO






"I know why I'll
never be replaced
by a computer."

*Mary Grace Ritter,
Reservations Agent*

"Most calls I get are from
business travelers. They
know where they want
to go and they want
convenient schedules.
And our computer
helps me help them. But
when any customer has
a problem, or when a
family's taking a trip and
they need advice—that's
when no computer can
do what I do best. That's
when the way people feel
about American Airlines
depends on the way they
feel about me."

*We're American Airlines.
Doing what we do best.*

**I AM
AMERICAN
AIRLINES**



Take me back to Dunn's River. Back to that waterfall stairway I've often climbed in my dreams. I recall high tea at Shaw Park Gardens, too. And a feast on the White River, reached by torchlit canoe. Come, let's run away to the grand hotels of Ocho Rios and Montego Bay. Where we'll sail by the light of the sun, and dance by the light of the moon.

TAKE ME JAM

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Henderson, Montreal, Quebec



Back to Back

BACK TO

BACK



Campbell's Manhandlers have what it takes to handle a hungry fan.



I'm a lucky guy. I've got a son who shares my love for sports and my taste for Manhandlers. So when we're hungry for a hearty snack, we take a fast time-out, heat up a can of Campbell's Beef Soup or Hot Dog Bean or Manhattan Clam Chowder, pile some crackers on a plate and just relax and enjoy. If this is the Campbell Life, I'm all for it.



**Give me the
Campbell Life.**

of the May 4 Movement in 1919, he founded a study group called the Awakening Society and got his first taste of revolution in street demonstrations against the corrupt, warlord-dominated Peking government.

Chou then spent four years in a "work and study" program in France, where he was converted to revolutionary Marxism. Arriving in Paris in 1920, he fell in with other Asian nationalists, including Ho Chi Minh, whom he described as "my big brother." They were beginning to dream of creating Communist societies in their countries. Chou did a stint as a worker in a Renault factory and also lived for a time in Germany.

In 1924 Chou returned to China during the brief Soviet-sponsored alliance between Sun Yat-sen's Kuomintang and the Communists and served as political director of the Whampoa Military Academy, run by a young Nationalist ramrod named Chiang Kai-shek. As Chou rose in the Communist hierarchy, gaining Politburo membership in 1927, conflict between him and Chiang became inevitable. The final break came in Shanghai in April 1927. Chou helped organize a workers' takeover of the city in preparation for the arrival of Chiang's troops. When he arrived, Chiang promptly launched an anti-Communist coup in which thousands died. Chou was one of the handful of Communist leaders who eluded Kuomintang police and managed to flee the city.

That marked the nadir of both Chou's career and the Chinese Communist movement. With Chiang relentlessly pursuing Communists, Chou went underground, probably in Hong Kong, eventually turning up in Moscow; then, after about two years in Shanghai, he went surreptitiously to the Communists' rural base in Kiangsi province, which was headed by Mao Tse-tung. At first there was some friction between the two as they competed for leadership within the party. But eventually they formed a unique, remarkably productive collaboration that lasted more than 40 years.

One of their most momentous challenges was the famed Long March of 1934-35 to a new rural base area in Yenan in North China; Chou survived only because he was carried on a stretcher for the last segment of the journey. There was also the long, shaky cease-fire with Chiang's Kuomintang, beginning in late 1936, when imperial Japan tried to conquer China. It was in this period that Chou got his first taste of international diplomacy. As Communist liaison man with the Nationalists in China's wartime capital Chungking, Chou employed his considerable skills to impress foreign diplomats and journalists with the vigor and idealism of the Yenan revolutionaries.

These skills were exercised on a broader, worldwide stage after the Com-

munist defeated Chiang and forced him to flee to Taiwan in 1949. Chou was Mao's obvious choice to become Minister of Foreign Affairs as well as Premier in the new Chinese Communist government. He forged the early, close alliance with the Soviet Union, helped negotiate the 1953 cease-fire in Korea, and played a crucial role at the Geneva Conference in ending the French Indochina war in 1954. (There, in an incident the Chinese leader never forgot, American Secretary of State John Foster Dulles refused to shake his hand.) Chou's efforts to forge new contacts for China with the nations of the Third World led to his brilliant performance at the 1955 Bandung conference in Indonesia, where he identified China's interests with those of the newly independent countries. In a lesser-known initiative, Chou tried in 1955 to improve relations with a then hostile U.S. by announcing China's willingness to begin negotiations with the Americans for "relaxing tension in the Far East."

Through it all, Chou remained a committed nationalist who put the interests of China above all else. He backed the bloody suppression of a 1959 uprising in Tibet. Earlier, according to unconfirmed reports, he masterminded the 1931 execution of the entire family of a party member who had informed on some fellow Communists in Shanghai. As Premier, Chou presided over some of the Communists' most ruthless policies, including the killing of hundreds of thousands of landlords during the land reforms of the early 1950s.

Chou's instincts for survival, honed during his long years as a revolutionary, served him well during the

Cultural Revolution, when, at one point, he was branded the "rotten boss of the bourgeoisie" and his offices were besieged by 100,000 slogan-shouting Red Guards. Eventually, he formed alliances with regional military commanders concerned about law-and-order, subtly consolidated the moderate forces, and—eventually with Mao's blessing—managed to impose control over the rampaging radicals. In 1969 Chou emerged at the peak of his powers, acting as both Foreign Minister and Premier; he ran the country almost singlehanded while the shattered party apparatus slowly pulled itself together and Mao increasingly withdrew from day-to-day administration.

His plans and programs for China's continued growth and stability were ratified by the leadership at last year's National People's Congress. Thanks in large measure to Chou's gift for conciliation and management, China was on the verge of a new era at the time of his death. The economy had been restored to health and was expanding steadily. The country was a major oil producer with a potential for becoming a ranking petroleum exporter. The collectivized agricultural system was putting out



MAO & CHOU IN PEKING (1951)
A remarkable collaboration.

an unprecedented 275 million tons of grain a year.

Nonetheless, China remains in many ways a poor country—as Chou frequently reminded foreign visitors. "Never quote me as saying anything is easy here," he told Snow in 1960. "We have taken the first step, that's all." If China today seems to be taking a second step or perhaps even a third, Chou, more than any other man, deserves the credit. It is inevitable that future historians, looking back on the transformation of China since 1949, will call that era the Age of Mao. But with almost equal justice, it could also fairly be called the Age of Chou.

CHOU & NIXON EXCHANGING TOASTS



MIDDLE EAST

Debate at the U.N.: The P.L.O. Problem

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has proclaimed 1976 as "The Year of Palestine," and this week it begins in earnest. On Monday the United Nations Security Council is scheduled to begin debate on the Middle East situation. It is virtually certain that a large amount of the rhetoric will be devoted to the Palestinian problem—the plight of those Arabs who fled from the former British mandate of Palestine rather than live under Israeli rule. Although many have prospered, an estimated 644,093 still live in refugee camps in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, the Occupied West Bank and Gaza. Israel's Arab enemies insist that a just solution of the issue include recognition of the Palestinians' national rights as a people, and is essential to any peace settlement. At the Security Council debate, the pro-Palestinian arguments will for the first time be put forward not just by surrogates but by a representative of Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization, probably its shadow "foreign minister," Farouk Kaddoumi.

The U.S. and other Western nations are participating somewhat reluctantly in the debate. It was literally forced on them by the Syrians. Last November President Hafiz Assad refused to extend the mandate of the U.N. Disengagement Observer Force on the Golan Heights unless the Council scheduled a review

of the Middle East situation and allowed the P.L.O. to take part. The presence of the P.L.O. prompted an Israeli boycott of the Council session. Premier Yitzhak Rabin's Cabinet unanimously resolved "not to conduct negotiations with terrorist organizations in any forum." A high Israeli official agreed that even "mentioning Palestinians makes them a political reality."

Secure Boundaries. During the debate, the P.L.O. will push for revisions of Security Council Resolution 242, adopted after the Six-Day War of 1967 and Resolution 338, passed in the final days of the 1973 October War. These call for the "withdrawal of Israeli armed forces" from occupied territories and a recognition of the right of "every state in the area" to "live in peace with secure boundaries." But they refer to the Palestinians only indirectly, as "the refugee problem." The P.L.O., backed by Syria and most Arab states, will try to amend the resolutions so they explicitly recognize the rights of the Palestinians to self-determination, independence and national sovereignty.

Too drastic a revision of Resolutions 242 and 338, however, will almost certainly trigger a U.S. veto. "We would strongly oppose any attempt to change them," Secretary of State Henry Kissinger warned last week. The principal U.S. objective at the debate is to prevent the Security Council from becoming the main forum for future Middle East peace efforts. Washington is determined either to maintain the step-by-step diplomatic approach that so far has achieved two Is-

raeli-Egyptian Sinai accords and one Israeli-Syrian agreement or to return to the Geneva Conference, jointly sponsored by the U.S. and the Soviet Union, which met briefly at the end of 1973.

Washington insists that it can best achieve a Middle East peace by being a "mediator" and not—as one senior U.S. official puts it—"a lawyer for the Israelis." But with Israel absent from the debate, the U.S. may find itself obliged to become the primary spokesman for Israeli interests. "Our role is made more difficult by the Israeli boycott," admitted a State Department official.

To lobby for the fullest possible U.S. support at the debate, Israeli Foreign Minister Yigal Allon (see following story) flew to Washington last week for two days of talks with Kissinger and other U.S. officials. Jerusalem is distinctly nervous about the American position, even though it will be put forward by Ambassador to the U.N. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who pleased the Israelis with his stinging attack on the General Assembly resolution equating Zionism with racism. Despite Israeli protestations, the U.S. may, in the end, accept some modification of Resolutions 242 and 338, such as inserting a reference to "the legitimate interests of the Palestinian people," the language first used by Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev in their joint communique of June 1973. At the debate, the Egyptians will back the P.L.O. but also urge the Palestinians not to push too hard. Reason: Cairo does not want to provoke a U.S. veto, which would too clearly label

PRO-P.L.O. RALLY IN NEW YORK IN 1974

PALESTINE
IS
MY
HOMELAND

DEMONSTRATORS PROTESTING ARAFAT'S APPEARANCE AT U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY





P.L.O. LEADER YASSER ARAFAT
More respectable than ever.

Washington as an intransigent opponent of the Palestinians. Egyptian President Sadat may then find it increasingly difficult to continue supporting the U.S. initiatives for peace.

Whatever the outcome of the debate, the P.L.O. is bound to gain from it. The very fact that a representative of the group will take part in the talks enhances the P.L.O.'s drive for international respectability. Ever since the P.L.O. was recognized as the "sole legitimate representative" of the Palestinian people by the Rabat Summit in October 1974—followed a month later by the triumphal appearance at the General Assembly of Yasser Arafat—the P.L.O. has scored impressive diplomatic successes. Its representatives are accepted as *de facto* "ambassadors" by some 100 countries and international organizations. At his Beirut headquarters Arafat receives a steady stream of visiting VIPs from the West.

Key Relations. In the past year, the P.L.O. also obtained observer status at the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization session in Rome and was admitted as a full member to the meeting of nonaligned nations in Lima, although it failed to persuade that group to call for Israel's expulsion from the U.N. At the General Assembly session just ended, the P.L.O. was authorized to take part "in all efforts and international conferences to discuss the Middle East within the framework of the U.N."

Impressive as these advances were, the P.L.O. nonetheless fell short of its goal of making 1975 the "Year of Escalation and Unity." To Arafat's dismay, Egypt's Sadat signed the second Sinai accord with Israel, even though it made no reference to the Palestinian problem. Relations with Jordan's King Hussein remain icy. Expelled from that country

after the "Black September" of 1970, the P.L.O. has insisted that ties with Amman can improve only if the fedayeen once again are allowed to use Jordanian territory as bases from which to strike at Israel. Hussein, who vividly remembers that the guerrillas tried to overthrow his regime, has answered with a flat no.

Blockaded Camps. Arafat's most serious problem in the Arab world these days is an unexpected one: Lebanon. For years the fedayeen have enjoyed extraordinary freedom of action there, controlling the refugee camps and operating bases for strikes into Israel. Ending the Palestinians' status as a nation within a nation in Lebanon is a major goal of the right-wing Christian Phalange and its allies—and a constant issue in the nine-month-old civil war. Arafat is anxious to preserve the status quo, and helped arrange several of Lebanon's short-lived cease-fires. Until recently, the well-armed P.L.O. guerrillas stayed out of the fighting and even served as a truce-keeping force. Last week, however, rightist militants blockaded Palestinian refugee camps at Tal al Zaatar and Jisr al Basha, preventing food from reaching their 27,000 residents. To break the blockade, the P.L.O. mobilized and attacked rightist strongholds. At week's end, both the bitter fighting and the blockade continued; 75 people were reported killed. Elsewhere in the battle-scarred Beirut area, fighting between the Phalange and the mostly Moslem leftists again spread into the eastern suburbs and to the luxury hotel district on the Mediterranean. Not only has this war diverted the P.L.O.'s energies, but the spectacle of Christians and Moslems battling each other has also challenged the Palestinian contention that a secular, democratic and non-sectarian state can replace Israel. In such a new nation, so the argument goes, Moslems, Jews and Christians would live with each other in peace. "Lebanon symbolized that kind of coexistence," remarked a Palestinian intellectual in Beirut. "It hurts us badly to have such trouble in this society."

P.L.O. strength has been further sapped by disunity within its own ranks. Formed in 1964 as an umbrella organization of six fedayeen groups, the P.L.O. has always been loose-knit and ideologically divided. In the past year internal squabbles have intensified. On the one side are the relative moderates: Arafat's Fatah (6,700 members of whom some 2,000 are active fighters) and Syrian-backed Saika (about 2,000 members, including 1,000 fighters). Opposing them are such "rejection front" groups as George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (estimated membership: 3,500), the P.F.L.P.-General Command, led by former Syrian Army Captain Ahmed Jibril (150 hard-core guerrillas) and the Iraqi-backed Arab Liberation Front (about 100 members). Nayef Hawatmeh's Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine

(500 members), which has usually sided with Arafat's moderates, has recently been flirting with the rejectionists. Says a senior official in Amman, Jordan: "The P.L.O. is incapable of making a decision and is unable to effectively use the support it has."

At the root of the P.L.O.'s disunity is a profound disagreement over strategy. Both sides are dedicated to the eventual creation of a "secular, democratic" state for Moslems, Christians and Jews in what is now Israel and in some Israeli-occupied territories. Moderates within the P.L.O., including Arafat, appear willing to accept as the first step toward that goal the establishment of a Palestinian "national authority" on the West Bank of the Jordan River and in the Gaza Strip, if and when they are given up by the Israelis. The rejectionist Palestinians, backed by Iraq and Libya, refuse to accept any interim solution and will not settle for anything less than the immediate creation of a new Palestine that includes pre-1967 Israel. Habash thus opposes P.L.O. participation in the Security Council debate on the ground that it is tantamount to negotiating with the Jewish state.

Although the rejection front guerrillas are outnumbered within the P.L.O., they wield considerable power. They are now supplied with money by Libya and Iraq and have pocketed at least \$10 mil-





PALESTINIAN GUERRILLAS IN BEIRUT BATTLING CHRISTIAN MILITIA AND LEBANESE ARMY
Under an umbrella, a nation within a nation mobilizes to break a blockade.

lion ransom paid after the December kidnaping of the OPEC ministers in Vienna. Moreover, their arguments strike responsive chords with many Palestinians, particularly those hundreds of thousands who come from villages and towns within Israel's pre-1967 borders. After all, the creation of a "mini-Palestine" will not enable them to return to their homes.

Jordan also opposed the idea of a mini-Palestine. At the Rabat Summit, Hussein reluctantly accepted the P.L.O.'s claim to speak on behalf of the Palestinians, including those living in the West Bank, which was administered by Jordan until 1967. But the King still hopes eventually to bring that area into some sort of political federation with Jordan. For obvious reasons Israel also prefers that the West Bank be linked with Jordan. "A larger country controlled by a stable leader like Hussein makes sense," explained an Israeli Foreign Ministry spokesman. "It would be economically more viable and politically more able to withstand the extremists than would a small state located between Israel and Jordan." Premier Rabin fears that a mini-Palestine would become a haven for terrorists and susceptible to Soviet influence.

Assertive Spirit. Although the Israeli government refuses to have anything to do with the P.L.O., Rabin and his colleagues have moved Israeli policy far from the uncompromising attitude of former Premier Golda Meir, who once said that "there was no such thing as Palestinians." Earlier this month, Rabin told a Labor Party meeting: "We recognize the existence of the Palestinian

problem. Without its solution, the Arab-Israeli conflict cannot be resolved."

Meanwhile, Israeli officials have a nagging Palestinian problem within the country's own borders as well as in the occupied territories. Both West Bank Palestinians and Israeli Arabs seem to have been inspired by P.L.O. success and growing respect. The recent election of a Communist mayor in Nazareth (TIME, Dec. 22) is widely regarded as a symptom of the new assertive spirit. Another test of P.L.O. strength will be the West Bank municipal elections scheduled for March and April. There is now talk that the Israeli Arabs, who are citizens of Israel, may band together politically to win greater representation in the Knesset, where they currently have five seats. By pooling their forces and uniting they may be able to gain as many as twelve seats and thus become a key voting bloc in the 120-member Israeli Parliament.

Whatever resolutions are adopted as a result of this week's Security Council debate will probably be unenforceable—like most other U.N. actions. Nonetheless, the debate may still have some value; it could provide clues as to how willing the P.L.O. leaders are to pursue a moderate, compromise course. Egyptian Columnist Ahmed Bahaeddin, writing in Cairo's *al-Ahram* recently, urged the Palestinians to "have a realistic concept" of their rights. "The call for the elimination of Israel," he agreed, "will be to no avail." If the P.L.O. heeds this advice at the debate, it will have contributed to the momentum toward a Middle East peace. Then it will be up to the Israelis to respond.

Israel's Allon: 'We Protest'


Israel's Foreign Minister Yigal Allon spent two days in Washington last week coordinating strategy for the United Nations Security Council debate on the Middle East with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Before returning to Jerusalem, Allon talked with TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter. Excerpts from the interview:

BOYCOTTING OF THE DEBATE. First, we wanted to protest the practice of using the Security Council for adopting unnecessary and damaging resolutions which could only serve to undermine an already weakened United Nations and which we felt were designed to undermine the momentum which began as a result of the interim agreement with Egypt Second, [we reject] the invitation of the P.L.O., as if it were a legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. We will not reconcile ourselves to any recognition of the P.L.O.

ON THE P.L.O. AS A PALESTINIAN SPOKESMAN. The P.L.O. hardly controls 10% of the Palestinian Arab community. It is the representative only of an international terrorist organization. Why should we give them semirecognition that will frighten to death all the moderate Arabs in the West Bank? Once [the moderate Arabs] realize there is even the theoretical possibility of handing over power to the P.L.O., they will go to the P.L.O. right away, instead of remaining a moderate, constructive element, as most of them are today. The Rabat Conference [which recognized the P.L.O. as the sole representative of

FOREIGN MINISTER ALLON IN WASHINGTON





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the Palestinian people] is not binding as far as we are concerned. We are not a party to those conferences.

ON THE P.L.O. AS A LIBERATION MOVEMENT. Any comparison between the P.L.O. and movements for national liberation is misleading. Take the Mau Mau of Kenya, the F.L.N. in Algeria, the Haganah in Palestine or the Congress Party in India: the common denominator of all of us was to get rid of a foreign ruler. None of us wanted to destroy a country, while the P.L.O. wants to destroy our state. To the extent they are gaining recognition it is a very ugly expression of appeasement. Those who recognize the legitimacy of the P.L.O. will hardly be able to complain against terrorism in The Hague, at La Guardia Airport, in Paris, Vienna or elsewhere. Either you rule it out, or you do not.

ON A PALESTINIAN SOLUTION. We took the West Bank from the Kingdom of Jordan in 1967 as the result of a successful counterattack against the Jordanian forces. What is now known as the Kingdom of Jordan is part and parcel of the historic land of Israel, or Palestine, and the British mandate applied to both banks [of the Jordan River]. It is more than two-thirds of the whole territory of historic Palestine. The ethnic group known today as Palestinian Arabs is divided between the East and West Banks. All the inhabitants of Jordan are Palestinians. If Jordan is courageous enough, and wants to resolve the interests of the Kingdom of Jordan and the question of the Palestinians, then the key is Jordan. We are ready to negotiate. I don't exclude the possibility that sooner or later the wiser of the Arab leaders will back negotiations between Jordan and Israel. I wouldn't exclude the possibility that some time in the future consultations between Jordan, Israel and the leaders of the West Bank can take place in order to find out in which way the self-identity of the Palestinians can be expressed.

ON NEGOTIATIONS WITH SYRIA. The negotiations should be conducted according to Security Council Resolutions 242 and 338 without preconditions. The Syrians can bring forward any questions they want to discuss. But what the Syrians are trying to do is to diminish the importance of the Geneva Peace Conference and impose the terms of any settlement in the Middle East by commanding a majority in the Security Council. The Arab regimes are using the Palestinian question as a pawn on their chessboard of rivalry and intrigue.

ON CHANGING THE U.N. MIDDLE EAST RESOLUTIONS. I know what those who suggest this have in mind, and we shall reject any attempt to modify the text or the meaning of Resolutions 242 and 338. If such a development takes place I shall recommend to the Israeli government to reconsider its commitments undertaken when we accepted 242 and 338. Instead of achieving progress, I'm afraid of a new stagnation.



CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT PREMIER MORO



SOCIALIST LEADER DE MARTINO

ITALY

The Socialists Pull the Rug Out

A cartoon in Bologna's daily *Resto del Carlino* recently portrayed Christian Democrat Premier Aldo Moro and Communist Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer as a cory couple on the dance floor, while Socialist Party Chief Francesco de Martino stood alone growling "Hey, I thought this was supposed to be my dance." Italian politics being what it is, the caricature contained more truth than humor. Making good on a long-hinted threat, the Socialist Party last week withdrew its parliamentary support for Moro's fragile coalition government, thereby forcing the Cabinet to resign. With Italy still deep in its worst postwar recession, the country faced the grim prospects of 1) living with another ineffectual (even minority) coalition government, or 2) elections that could give the well-organized Communist Party a share of power.

Even apart from the collapse of the government, it was a week of shocks for Italians. On the day that Socialist Leader De Martino announced his party's decision to withdraw support for the government, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* simultaneously printed the embarrassing story that the CIA had been authorized to give \$6 million in secret aid to non-Communist Italian parties—most of it, apparently, to the ruling Christian Democrats. Then, the day after Premier Moro rode to the Palazzo del Quirinale to tender his resignation to President Giovanni Leone, millions of workers walked off the job in a general strike that shut down airports, closed most government offices and schools and slowed down sectors of

industry. The workers were striking in sympathy with 200,000 civil servants who were still waiting for approval of new labor contracts that expired last year. Politicians of other parties blamed the Socialists for the chaos. "With all the unemployment, all the labor contracts pending, how can the Socialists provoke early elections and bring everything to a stop?" fumed one angry Communist official. "What a workers' party!"

Out in the Cold. The Socialists had acted to protest their increasingly powerless role in the 13-month-old Moro coalition. Always reluctant to lose protest votes by joining directly in the government, the Socialists, who have 61 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, had not accepted any Cabinet posts. All the portfolios were held by Moro's fellow-Christian Democrats (267 seats) and the small right-of-center Republican Party (14). But the coalition depended on Socialist votes in Parliament to give it a majority. As inflation soared and unemployment deepened in Italy—currently more than 1.2 million workers, or about 7% of the labor force—the Socialists found themselves accused of siding with the centrist parties in favor of unpopular deflationary policies. Meanwhile, Italy's Communists, with 179 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, could take comfortable refuge in their role as the leaders of the parliamentary opposition.

Socialist unease grew after last June's regional elections, when Communists took a startling 33% of the vote. Anxious Christian Democrats began a series of behind-the-scenes accommodation



GOVERNMENT WORKERS DEMONSTRATING NEAR ROME'S FORUM DURING GENERAL STRIKE
A public embrace by the Communists could invite a right-wing backlash.

tions with Communists, to such an extent that the Socialists felt left out in the cold. The most provocative issue was Christian Democratic consultation with the Communists about a \$33 billion economic redevelopment program. Though the Socialists were officially allied with the government, De Martino complained in a letter to Moro that "I have to read about [the program] in the paper." Worse yet, the plan would have left the administration of Italy's biggest venture yet in economic planning to a ministerial committee on which the Socialists were not to be represented. The Socialists, in effect, complained that the Christian Democrats and the Communists had a tacit arrangement to run the country, which nevertheless allowed the Communists to avoid any responsibility or blame for things that might go wrong.

Public Embrace. After De Martino announced that his party could no longer support Moro's coalition, the Socialists formally demanded the creation of a "government of national emergency" with powers to change economic policy and solve Italy's urgent problems. More significantly, the Socialists asked that the Communists openly support any new government "in the light of the sun."

The Christian Democrats rejected the Socialist scenario immediately. They particularly objected to the demand that the Communists should formalize their tacit support of the government. Reason: it would fuel voter fears that the Christian Democrats were on the verge of accepting the *compromesso storico*—"the historic compromise" in which the Communists would come into government as partners of the Christian Democrats. Meanwhile, Communist Party Boss Berlinguer thinks that a public embrace would be premature, and perhaps

might invite a right-wing backlash.

President Leone last week asked Moro's Cabinet to remain temporarily in office in caretaker status. This week, he will begin the ritual consultations with various party politicians in an effort to form a new government. De Martino, responding to labor-union fury over early elections, allowed at week's end that the Socialists would "evaluate and consider" counterproposals to their demands, but the hope is nevertheless dim. Conceivably, Moro, or some other Christian Democratic leader, could try to rule with a new minority government, but it would probably fail its first parliamentary test. Worse, it would only postpone any real attempt to solve Italy's urgent problems.

The most disconcerting prospect is that Leone will give up trying, dissolve Parliament and call for early elections, which normally would not occur until the spring of 1977. That would please the Socialists—who hope thereby to seize center stage from the Communists—but no one else. The Christian Democrats, who hoped to work on some internal reforms at a March congress, have not yet improved their image enough to face confidently an early test at the polls. The Communists are still consolidating their regional gains of last June, and believe that elections at this point could undermine the quiet beginnings of the historic compromise already reached.

The much-publicized CIA money is not likely to play much of a part in funding any election campaigns. The \$6 million authorized by the Administration for handouts to Italian moderates is small change compared with past contributions to Italian parties by U.S. corporations, labor unions and other sources—"A bottle of Scotch at Christmas

THE WORLD

from Uncle Sam," as one diplomat put it. (It is also considerably less than the \$27 million the Communists reportedly received from the Soviet embassy for campaign expenses in the 1972 general election.) Anti-Communist Italian politicians testily denied that any CIA contributions were—or would be—accepted. The Republican Party went so far as to cable the New York Times demanding a retraction. Some Italian politicians were dismayed that the Ford Administration did not simply issue a categorical denial of any plans for secret funding. Not only did the revelations play into the hands of the Communists—they can now use the CIA issue to discredit moderates in future elections—but whatever funds do exist are, for the time being, obviously off limits. No prudent Italian politician would think of accepting any money now, for fear that his face might appear the next day in some American newspaper.

NORTHERN IRELAND

"Down the Road to Hell"

Even by Ulster standards, it was a crime of surpassing brutality. Early Monday evening a red minibus was routinely carrying twelve workers home from their jobs at the John Compton Ltd. textile factory in violence-ridden South Armagh (TIME, Jan. 12). Suddenly, just outside the village of Whitecross, the bus was stopped by a group of masked, heavily armed men. The workers and their driver were lined up against the vehicle, and the lone Roman Catholic among them was sent away. The rest, all Protestants, were then gunned down in a withering hail of automatic fire. Ten died instantly. At week's end the badly wounded survivor remained in serious condition at a nearby hospital. In its methodical ruthlessness and cold-blooded efficiency, the slaughter was one of the worst episodes in Northern Ireland's tragic history.

Gruesome Weight. The next day an anonymous caller telephoned the Belfast Telegraph and, in the name of the South Armagh Republican Action Force—a branch of the Provisional Irish Republican Army—claimed responsibility for the killings. They were carried out, the caller said, in retaliation for the assassination the previous night of five Catholics, apparently by Protestant extremists. In what constitutes sad testimony to the endless cycle of terror and reprisal in Ulster, those murders were, in turn, thought to be in retaliation for three recent pub bombings by the Provisional I.R.A. that killed three and injured 57. In all, 20 people have died in sectarian violence in Northern Ireland since New Year's Eve. The bloodshed added gruesome weight to recent warnings by political leaders that 1976 would see an increase in violence.

Responsible Protestant and Catholic

leaders are pleading for restraint. "The blood lust which is ripping Armagh must be stopped before the whole of Ulster is engulfed by murder madness," said Thomas Passmore, Grand Master of Belfast's Orange Lodge. William Cardinal Conway, Ireland's Roman Catholic primate, described the Whitecross killings as "spitting in the face of Christ." Added a deeply pessimistic editorial in Dublin's *Irish Times*: "The headless horseman is driving Northern Ireland full tilt down the road to hell."

Seek and Destroy. Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Merlyn Rees—the man responsible for maintaining peace in the province—called the murders "the worst single sectarian killing in Ulster history." Rees was immediately pushed to take action to halt the terrorism and restore confidence in the government's ability to maintain security. Glen Barr, a spokesman for the Ulster Defense Association, warned that Protestant paramilitary groups are under "intense pressure" from the rank and file to go on an all-out military offensive against the I.R.A.

London's response to the new violence was swift and decisive. Prime Minister Harold Wilson announced that some 600 troops from the crack Spearhead Battalion would be dispatched from England to South Armagh. In addition, 400 men of the predominantly Protestant Ulster Defense Regiment were deployed in the county. In a more drastic move, some 150 men of the elite Special Air Services Regiment (SAS) will be sent to Ulster. The dispatch of this counter insurgency strike force, which is specially trained to conduct guerrilla operations behind enemy lines, indicated that for the first time since the troubles began six years ago, the British

army will actively attempt to seek out and destroy the terrorists.

Protestants endorsed the tough new measures. "It shows that the government now really intends to do something about terrorism in the province," said William Craig, head of the Protestant Vanguard Party. Catholics, on the other hand, were wary: for years the I.R.A. has charged (and the British army has denied) that SAS units have regularly operated covert assassination squads in the province. A leading Catholic politician, Austin Currie, warned that some people will see the presence of the SAS as an anti-Catholic move unless soldiers are also sent in against Protestant terrorists. One clear danger was that the action will not intimidate the I.R.A. so much as inspire it to renewed violence. "Has Wilson thrown down the gauntlet to the I.R.A.?" asked Seamus Loughran, a Belfast organizer for the pro-I.R.A. Sinn Féin Party. "If so, he has made a terrible mistake."

London saw the hard-line policy as a necessary risk. With public morale and confidence sagging, Wilson wanted to present the image of an angry, fed-up government ready to take all measures necessary to contain the violence. This is particularly crucial since Parliament this week begins an important debate on the Ulster situation. The Government does not believe it can impose a political settlement in Ulster, since all previous attempts have failed. But it is prepared to support an emergency interim coalition government of Catholics and Protestants for the province during the present security crisis.

Ulster's Protestants, however, have rejected all previous proposals for sharing power with the Catholic minority. They will probably refuse to accept even

an emergency coalition out of fear that Britain would try to convert it into a permanent power-sharing settlement. If Westminster does not accept the Protestants' rejection of power-sharing, warned Vanguard Party official Ernest Baird, it must face the "inevitable consequences of a final conflict."

Thus, on the eve of the debates and after one of the worst weeks in Ulster's history, an enduring political solution seemed as far away as ever. Following the murder of the ten Protestants, two bombs exploded in Belfast (no casualties were reported), a youth was murdered in an alleyway in a Protestant area, and a 15-minute firefight was waged between gunmen in County Monaghan in the Irish Republic and British soldiers across the border in County Tyrone.

SOUTH AFRICA

Into the TV Age

After decades of debate over the potentially corrupting influences of television, South Africa last week was—in the words of one Johannesburg columnist—"dragged, kicking and screaming, into the TV age." More than a million viewers, mostly whites who paid up to \$1,200 for color sets, watched the five-hour nightly programs, broadcast in both English and Afrikaans. They included *Shanté*, the *Bob Nardhat Show*, news broadcasts, a concert by the Orchestre de Paris and the film *Oldie Oklamah!*

Hardly the sort of licentious fare that would inflame Zulu houseboys to run upstairs and rape madame, as former Minister of Posts and Telegraph Albert Hertzog used to warn. Most of the country's 18 million blacks, in fact, were unable to see the programs because they live in urban slums and rural townships without electricity. One African, who won a television set in a contest last year, was given a portable generator to operate it. After weeks of watching the test transmissions, he decided to sell the TV and keep the generator. Many whites, on the other hand, for the first time saw what South Africa's black regions and their leaders looked like when Zulu-land's Chief Gatsha Buthelezi and the Transkei's Kaiser Matanzima appeared on news programs.

Propaganda Weapon. Prime Minister John Vorster described television as a mixed blessing and warned that "slanted news" would be corrected. Opposition newspapers feared that any abuses might come from the government, which has sole control over the network. "The mere presentation of the world at large is bound to have a far-reaching effect," editorialized the *Johannesburg Rand Daily Mail*. But so powerful a visual medium, it said, could also become a propaganda weapon "particularly when, as in South Africa, it is so much under the thumb of the political party in power."

TWO SONS SLAIN BY TERRORISTS, A WOMAN WEEPS AT THEIR FUNERAL IN SOUTH ARMAGH





CALIFORNIA DOCTORS' WIVES STAGING SLEEP-IN IN GOVERNOR BROWN'S OFFICE TO PROTEST HIGH MALPRACTICE INSURANCE RATES

MEDICINE

Again, A Slowdown

The bumper sticker on a doctor's Cadillac in Beverly Hills last week read: **FEELING SICK? CALL YOUR LAWYER**. That was the physician's way of telling the public that it had brought on itself the latest California doctors' slowdown by suing for excessive malpractice awards. Since the start of the new year, four-fifths of the 11,000 physicians in the Los Angeles area had refused to treat patients, except in the most serious emergencies. In some hospitals, wards were closed and the services of such specialists as orthopedists and neurosurgeons all but unavailable.

Malpractice Fund. As in similar medical slowdowns elsewhere in the country, including a four-week walkout in northern California last spring, the doctors are protesting the skyrocketing cost of malpractice insurance that underwriters insist is made necessary by mounting jury awards. Effective Jan. 1, Travelers Insurance Co., which covers three-quarters of the area's doctors, hiked premiums by an average of 400%. For certain high-risk specialties, the increase was even more staggering. For example, Dr. Paul Muchnic, a Los Angeles orthopedist, found that his premiums had suddenly risen from \$6,500 to \$36,000 a year. He angrily announced that he was quitting his \$65,000-a-year practice. Others have pulled up stakes and moved to other states where there are fewer malpractice suits, smaller judgments and thus more reasonable insurance rates.

To protect doctors against astronomical malpractice awards for death or total disability—20 of which have exceeded \$1 million—California's Governor Edmund Brown Jr. has backed the creation of a statewide malpractice fund

that would collect fixed annual fees averaging \$4,000 per doctor and use that money to pay off claims. These now average \$36,000. But Brown wants something in exchange from California's doctors: he has asked them to treat more patients under the state's limited-fee Medi-Cal program,* provide free care for the poor and set up a "medical Peace Corps" for areas of California that are short on medical facilities and personnel.

So far, the doctors have balked at Brown's efforts to link social problems with what to them is the purely economic question of malpractice rates. Says Dr. Carl Goetsch, president of the California Medical Association: "We don't feel anyone should put us in a position of a trade-off because we are not playing politics with peoples' lives or health."

At week's end both sides remained adamant. It seemed probable that unless the doctors showed a willingness to accept some of the social-responsibility provisions demanded by Brown in a malpractice-insurance reform bill, the legislation had little chance of passage and the slowdown would go on.

Capsules

► One of the more common bits of folklore about American Indians is that they are less able than whites to hold their liquor because of an inherited intolerance for alcohol. Now two medical researchers at a Phoenix, Ariz., branch of the National Institutes of Health and the Indiana University School of Medicine have challenged that belief. Using 30 Indian and 30 white volunteers as test subjects, Drs. Lynn J. Bannion and Ting-

*The doctors say that they are already treating 85% of Medi-Cal patients.

Kai Li let each slowly down a 3-oz. jigger of 50% ethanol, the form of alcohol in liquor. After a lapse of 90 minutes to allow total absorption of the alcohol into the bloodstream, they began taking blood samples from the subjects once every 30 minutes over a three-hour period. The tests invariably showed that the rates at which ethanol disappeared from subjects' bloodstreams did not differ by race. Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the researchers conclude that there is no significant difference in the way Indians and whites get (or don't get) stewed.

► Few natural substances are more lethal than the toxin of the poisonous mushroom *Amanita phalloides*. Commonly known as the death cap, it causes, after a day's delay, severe abdominal pain, followed by diarrhea, cramps and vomiting and finally liver failure and central nervous damage. In Europe, where mushroom collecting has long been a favorite hobby of gourmets, the hard-to-identify *Amanita phalloides* accounts for perhaps 95% of the dozens of deaths that occur every year from mushroom poisoning of some kind. Until recently the death cap was considered relatively rare in North America, and only a few cases of poisoning have been attributed to it. Now the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control reports new evidence that *Amanita phalloides* may not be as uncommon in the New World as hitherto believed. For example, in October two people died of mushroom poisoning—a 37-year-old Martha's Vineyard resident who collected *Amanita phalloides* in his backyard and a 70-year-old Bronx man who picked the mushrooms in a New York park and ate them.

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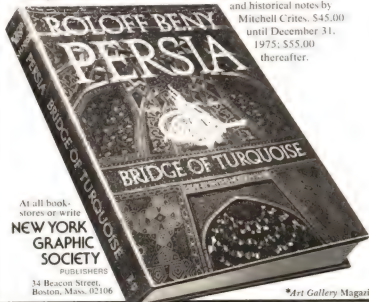
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Gunning for a Title

Miami, Sunday, Jan. 18, 1976. Time is running out at the Super Bowl as the Pittsburgh Steelers are plodding down the field. They have controlled the ball for eleven straight minutes and have slogged to the Dallas Cowboy 18-yd. line. Franco Harris rams off tackle yet again for two more yards, and Coach Chuck Noll sends in Kicker Roy Gerela. His field goal gives the Steelers victory—3-2. There is total silence in the Orange Bowl. Everyone is sound asleep.

The championship game of professional football annually produces more ennui than excitement. "Ball control" is the Super Bowl battle cry. Stay on the ground, eat up the clock, kick a couple of field goals, and take home the trophy. Super Bowl X may be more of the same monotonous brand of play. Dallas has a stifling defense—as both the Minnesota Vikings and Los Angeles Rams found out in the play-offs. Pittsburgh (TIME cover, Dec. 8) merely has the best defense in the N.F.L.

But Dallas comes to the Orange Bowl this weekend with a zany offense that could turn the game into a wild, crowd-pleasing shootout. Says Cowboys Assistant Coach Mike Ditka: "We have a chance to make the Super Bowl do for football what last fall's World Series did for baseball."

Old Standby. Quarterback Roger Staubach, who is having his best season, must be counted on for much of the drama. Staubach, 33, completed 57% of his passes and scrambled for 316 yds. He has been better in the play-offs. His bomb to Wide Receiver Drew Pearson beat the Vikings in the final minute, and he buried the Rams with four touchdown passes. Staubach's infantry consists of Running Backs Robert Newhouse and Preston Pearson. Neither is O.J. Simpson, but both ran effectively enough to make Dallas the top rushing team in their conference.

Staubach's talent is throwing from the shotgun—the old football stand-by that Coach Tom Landry has adapted for third-down passing plays. Staubach sets up 5 yds. behind scrimmage, backpedals seven more after the snap and looks to hit any one of five receivers downfield. He says that the tactic allows him "to save a crucial couple tenths of a second"—time enough to read the defense, then choose one from a confusing mixture of possible passes in front of or behind opposing linebackers.

The shotgun is only one aspect of probably the most involved pro offense today. Dallas always changes its formation before the snap of the ball. Says Landry: "Most defenses are geared to recognition. If we can make the other team unsure of the play for a few sec-

onds, we can hit our point of attack." Getting there is never simple. Notes Preston Pearson: "When I was playing for Baltimore and Pittsburgh, the quarterback's call in the huddle was a sentence long. Here it's a paragraph."

Diversity has made the season for Landry's team. The play-offs seemed out of reach with the loss of starters like Calvin Hill and Bob Lilly. Landry, 51, a coach who says, "Defense is part of me," took to tinkering with his offense. He seemed to enjoy it, and was even seen smiling on the sidelines.

The bookmakers are not won over by the new Landry. The Steelers are a seven-point choice for some solid reasons. Behind Pittsburgh's ferocious front four are a trio of crafty linebackers, led by Andy Russell. Against the Dallas shotgun they will be forced to cover more ground, and with five receivers, the double coverage Pittsburgh favors is impossible. But Linebacker Coach Woody Widenhofer sees some compensation in the shotgun. Says he:

"You can't run the football, so the front four can tee off on Staubach."

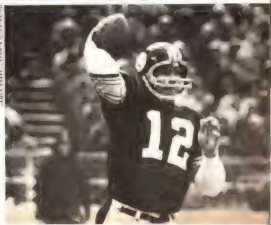
The complexity of the Dallas offense does not worry Widenhofer either. "We have an advantage in playing Cincinnati twice this year," he says. "The Bengals use lots of motion. The only difference between Dallas and Cincinnati is where the quarterback is." The Steelers' offense is more predictable. Fullback Franco Harris was good for almost 5 yds. a smash this season, and Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, who is also having his best season, will throw to him as well. For deeper patterns, he looks to the speedy Lynn Swann.

Black Sunday. If the Steelers and Cowboys do not explode on the field, there will still be a drama of sorts going on. Film Director John Frankenheimer will be shooting crowd scenes for *Black Sunday*, a \$7 million thriller in which Arab terrorists attempt to bomb the stadium from the Goodyear blimp. Action sequences will not be shot on Super Sunday.

PRESTON PEARSON GRABS TOUCHDOWN PASS AGAINST LOS ANGELES



TERRY BRADSHAW FIRING DOWNFIELD





RAQUEL WELCH UNLEASHING A SONG

"I've been singing and dancing since I was a kid, and I never had a chance to use it in any of my movies," complains Actress **Raquel Welch**, 35. That, she says, is why she has begun a ten-week nightclub tour through Mexico, the U.S. and Europe. In Mexico City, she notes happily, a sellout crowd of 1,200 paid \$80 apiece to catch her song-and-dance act on New Year's Eve. At the Concord Hotel in upstate New York, 3,400 customers came for her show, setting a record for the hotel. Says Raquel: "I think people sit down at 80 bucks a whack to have a look at somebody who is a movie star, who is a bigger-than-life image." Do they get their money's worth? "They want to see me out of curiosity. When I deliver a performance, I think that's the coup."

There is a set of chopsticks used by **Richard Nixon** in China, a souvenir can of caviar from Russia, a bronze bust of the former President and a full display of cuff links, matchboxes, pens and playing cards from his years in the White House. All are part of a one-room mini-



ACTRESS INGRID BERGMAN STARRING AS THE AGED CONTESSA IN A MATTER OF TIME

museum opened on Nixon's 63rd birthday last week at the San Clemente Inn, near his California home. "Not everyone approves, but every day people thank me for doing it," said the inn's owner, Paul Presley, adding that the former President had given his blessing to the project. Despite its decidedly small scale, the exhibit just might be the last, as well as the first, to be dedicated to Nixon. In Washington, a three-judge federal panel denied the ex-President possession of the 42 million documents and 880 White House tapes accumulated during his Administration. Nixon's claim that the material belonged solely to him was dismissed as "without merit" by the court.

Suffering from dry skin? Maybe a wrinkle or two? Consider the remedy used by Actress **Doris Day**, 51. "One night a week I make it a practice to cover my entire body, forehead to toes, with Vaseline," she reveals in a new biography, *Doris Day, Her Own Story*, by A.E. Hotchner. "I then put on a flannel nightgown and lightweight socks to cover my feet and go to sleep like that." The gooey cure poses some problems. She cautions: "If you're sleeping with a man, husband or otherwise, you are not a very appetizing number in this condition, and it's best to be in a separate bed on this occasion."

At 58, she is no longer the same young girl who shared a sleeping bag with **Gary Cooper** in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* back in 1943. "I've reached an age where I am starting a new career as a character actress," says **Ingrid Bergman**, now at work on her 43rd film. The movie, which will be titled *A Matter of Time* in English-speaking countries and *Nina*

elsewhere, stars Bergman as an aged *contessa* and **Liza Minnelli** as a young hotel chambermaid enthralled by the older woman's reminiscences. Bergman, who still needs nearly an hour-long makeup job to affect the wrinkled look, says the *contessa* "is just the opposite of my own character because she is destroying herself by dreams of her youth." She adds, "I don't dream about my past. I accept my age and make the best of it."

The playbills called it a "musical romantic comedy," but the critics decided that *Home Sweet Homer* was tragic. Loosely based on Homer's *Odyssey*, with **Yul Brynner** playing the Greek wanderer, the show had endless problems during a yearlong eleven-city tour, including a demand by Writer **Erich (Love Story) Segal** that his name be removed from the credits. He must have known something. "There is no intermission, evidently a precaution against losing the entire audience at half time," wrote New York Post Critic **Douglas Watt**. Said **Clive Barnes** of the New York Times: "At times you could imagine yourself watching a parody called *Kung Fu Comes to Athens*." Enough, said the show's producers, and closed the doors after one performance.

According to a Ford Motor Co. insider, rumors of a separation between **Henry Ford II** and his Italian-born second wife **Cristina**, whom he married in 1965, "were getting to be so well known that even gas-station attendants in Grosse Pointe were talking about it." Some of that gas-pump speculation had been fueled by Ford's arrest for tipsy driving in California last year while in the company of **Kathleen DuRoss**, 36, a sometime model. Last week an attor-



CRISTINA FORD & HUSBAND HENRY SMILING DURING HAPPIER TIMES (1973)

ney for Ford confirmed that the Detroit industrialist, 58, and Cristina, 46, are indeed living apart. "No action of divorce has been commenced by either party," said the lawyer, declining to discuss any reasons for the split.

While Dad tends to this year's campaign, **Steve Ford**, 19, will be stalking horses, dark and otherwise, in California. The President's youngest son has abandoned Utah State University and headed further west to work for California Horse Breeder George Texeira in Mission Viejo. "He found that he had plenty of extra time in Utah," explained a White House spokesman last week. "He just couldn't find the kind of job he wanted." Denying the suggestion that Steve's move is really an attempt to leave college, the White House pointed out that he has enrolled at California State Polytechnic University in Pomona and will attend classes there.

Great Britain's **Princess Anne** dresses like "a royal auto mechanic." Rockmaster **Elton John** "would be the campiest spectacle in the Rose Parade if he entered." Singer **Bette Midler** seems unaware that "pantalons went out with hoop skirts." So says Hollywood Designer **Richard Blackwell**, 53, in his 16th annual "worst-dressed" list. Blackwell, who named **Jacqueline Onassis** among the worst-dressed women of 1971, gave the top award this year to Daughter **Caroline Kennedy**, 18. She looks like "a shaggy dog in pants," snipped Blackwell, adding, "Who says bad taste isn't inherited?"

His topless swimsuits have become ancient history, and the thong never really caught on. So Designer **Rudi Gernreich** has come up with a new entry in the field of frivolous fashion: boxer shorts for women. Says he: "You can jog in them, sleep in them, wear them around the house, around the pool or over a bare swimsuit." These modified B.V.D.s will appear in stores throughout the U.S. by March and will sell for \$5 to \$7. The men's garters, he quickly adds, are not included.



RUDI GERNREICH'S BOXER REBELLION



BLACKWELL'S FASHION FRUMPS BETTE MIDLER, CAROLINE KENNEDY, ELTON JOHN & PRINCESS ANNE

The SST: Hour of Decision

Soon there will be only two kinds of airlines, those with Concorde and those which take twice as long.

In recent newspaper ads, that was the provocative sales pitch for the Concorde, the supersonic transport developed by Britain and France at a cost of nearly \$3 billion. Indeed, the sleek, needle-nosed aircraft can fly 1,400 m.p.h., twice the speed of sound. It cuts trans-at-

lantic arguments for and against admitting the Concorde. At that hearing, Coleman promised to make a decision by early February. His choice will not be easy. A ruling in favor of the Concorde would bring down the wrath of environmentalists, who charge that the craft is too noisy, burns too much fuel and is a threat to the ozone layer. A decision to bar the plane would be considered an unfriendly act by the British

mind only after it became clear that the French might sue Britain in the International Court of Justice for failing to live up to the terms of the Franco-British agreement.

The Soviets have already put one of their SSTs (nicknamed "Concordski" by Westerners because of design features obviously copied from the British-French plane) into service on a domestic cargo and mail run from Moscow to the central Asian city of Alma-Ata. The French plan to start SST service later this month from Paris to the Senegalese capital of Dakar (2,860 miles) and then on to Rio de Janeiro (another 3,189 miles). At the same time, Britain will launch Concorde flights from London's Heathrow for the 3,162-mile trip to the oil-rich island of Bahrain. But Britain and France must be able to fly the lucrative North Atlantic route if they are to have any chance of making money on their huge Concorde investment. Thus they are seeking permission to land four Concordes a day at New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport and two a day at Washington's Dulles International.

Cancer Risk. Precedent is on their side. Since 1944 the U.S. has honored bilateral agreements to accept airworthiness certificates awarded to foreign aircraft by their governments—as long as the planes meet standards established by the International Convention on Civil Aviation. In recent years, the French and British have accepted American evaluations of the Boeing 747 jumbo jet, the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 and the Lockheed L-1011 TriStar without argument. Now they clearly expect the U.S. to do the same with the Concorde, which has undergone more than 5,000 hours of exhaustive flight testing and has been certified as airworthy by both French and British authorities.

For the first time, however, concerns about the environment—rather than airworthiness—are playing a major role in determining the acceptability of a foreign aircraft. Some scientists have speculated that the Concorde's high-altitude emissions of nitrogen oxides could contribute significantly to the destruction of the ozone layer that screens the earth from an overdose of the sun's ultraviolet rays. Using these reports, the Federal Aviation Administration estimates that simply granting the pending Franco-British request for six flights a day could lead to 200 additional cases of skin cancer a year in the U.S.

Many environmentalists also object strongly to the Concorde's noise. An FAA study of the Concorde's environmental impact predicted that the noise produced by the plane would be perceived by people outdoors as being twice as loud as that made by a Boeing 707 and



FRANCO-BRITISH SUPERSONIC CONCORDE TOUCHING DOWN ON 1974 VISIT TO MIAMI
An expensive mistake or a new era in air travel?

lantic air travel from seven hours to 3½, and can lower the time for a San Francisco-Tokyo run from 11½ hours to seven. But the Concorde ads may be prematurely optimistic. The plane has not yet received permission to serve U.S. airports, and unless it does, Franco-British dreams of a new era in air travel may never get very far off the ground.

Final Arguments. The U.S. has long been considering whether or not to allow the Concorde to fly into its airports. Now at last, it is about to decide. At a special hearing held in Washington last week, Secretary of Transportation William Coleman Jr.* listened with judicial impartiality as French and British government officials, environmentalists and U.S. Senators, Representatives, Governors and mayors presented their

and French and could sour U.S. relations with both countries.

The roots of the Concorde conflict run deep. The U.S. launched a program in 1963 aimed at developing its own SST, but then dropped out of the race in 1971 when Congress cut off funds. The lawmakers decided—over the objections of the Nixon Administration—that money for the expensive project could be better used for more important federal programs; they also feared that the SST would endanger the environment.

Those arguments did not deter the Soviets, who were hard at work on their TU-144, or the French and British, who had already ridden out an SST crisis. When a British Labor government came to power in 1964 shortly after the Concorde program got under way, it decided that Britain could not afford the project and tried to bow out. It changed its

*Coleman has authority to make the decision but could be overruled by President Ford.

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VIEW OF SOVIET UNION'S TU-144 "CONCORDSKI" SST DURING 1975 FLIGHT OVER RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE
A controversial craft that will reduce travel time—and possibly the ozone layer.

AP/WIDEWORLD

four times as great as that of a DC-10. U.S. opponents describe the Concorde's noise, a low rumble rather than a high-pitched whine, as "devastating." A British cleric from a community near Heathrow who appeared at last week's hearing put it more poetically. "Concorde's noise is unbearable, above the threshold of pain," testified the Rev. Hugh Montifiore. "It is not hell, because hell goes on forever. It is more like a secular form of purgatory, or a gall-bladder attack that comes and goes."

Concorde opponents have a new ally in the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. Reversing its earlier position in favor of allowing limited SST flights into the U.S., the EPA last month declared that environmental considerations made flights into New York's J.F.K. "undesirable," and those into Washington's Dulles "increasingly questionable." At last week's hearing, Roger Strelow, EPA assistant administrator for air and waste management, told Coleman that "introduction of Concorde service runs directly counter to the noise abatement and other environmental policies and programs of the U.S." He was backed by New York Conservative Senator James Buckley. Said he: "I cannot understand how the interests of those people living in the flight paths of the Concorde can be overridden by those who want to shave a few hours off their flight times."

Small Impact. In pleading the Concorde's case, Gerald Kaufman, British Minister of State in the Department of Industry, pointed out that the FAA's own study indicated that the environmental impact of the Concorde on New York would be small, its effect on the Dulles area all but nonexistent. Furthermore, he insisted, if Britain and France seriously believed that a limited number of Concorde flights might thin out the ozone layer, they would not be advocating flights that could harm their peoples too. "Your environment is our environment," he told the hearing. "Your ozone layer is our ozone layer."

Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater, himself a former military pilot who has flown 153 different types of aircraft,

pointed out that military planes have made more than a million supersonic flights without any apparent damage to the ozone layer; he urged the U.S. to let the Concorde land. "If we lock out the Concorde," said Goldwater, "that will be further evidence that the U.S. is becoming a has-been world power."

Concorde's friends have some good points. Most researchers agree that a thinning of the ozone layer would lead to an increase in skin cancer. But there is no hard evidence that the ozone layer has been depleted in recent years, despite both high-altitude jet flight and the widespread use of aerosol sprays; indeed, at least one study suggests that the thickness of the ozone shield actually increased during the 1960s. The Concorde's designers admit that the ship is noisy on takeoff, but they believe that the effects of its noise may be at least partially alleviated by having the plane execute a banking maneuver immediately after takeoff to avoid flying over heavily settled areas.

Many French and British officials are convinced, in fact, that the environmental issue raised by U.S. opponents is actually a smokescreen. The French are still smarting over last July's arms deal in which the U.S. aced out their Mirage F-1 combat plane by persuading NATO to choose the American-designed F-16 as its standard fighter. They see U.S. opposition to the Concorde as a move to protect the American aerospace industry, which despite a bad year still supplies 90% to 95% of the commercial aircraft flown outside the Soviet Union. The British take a similar point of view. In a joint statement, the French and British governments warned: "Any move by the U.S. which might be interpreted as protectionist or discriminatory would tend, throughout the world, to threaten the relatively free and uninhibited environment in which aviation products are bought and sold."

There is good reason for the Franco-

British concern. Sales of Concordes, which cost some \$60 million apiece, have been disappointingly slow. Financially strapped U.S. airlines withdrew their options to purchase the planes three years ago, and only Iran and China have expressed interest in buying any of the three planes remaining unsold out of the initial production run of 16 (the British and French own 13).

Added Cost. Regular North Atlantic flights might help the Franco-British team to sell its planes. But they are unlikely to generate enough orders to repay the huge investment in the Concorde. A leading British aerospace writer estimates that 130 must be sold before the two countries can make back their development costs. A major reason for the dim sales prospects is the Concorde's operating cost. The plane seats a maximum of 140 passengers (v. an average of 370 in the 747) and burns two to three times as much fuel per seat mile as subsonic planes. To compensate for the added operating cost, Concorde passengers will have to pay at least 20% more than equivalent first-class fares on subsonic jets.

Still, some U.S. airplane manufacturers hope that the Concorde gets the green light at U.S. airports. They feel that the start of Concorde service would spur interest in their own efforts to develop an economical, environmentally acceptable

SST, which the U.S. could build and fly by the 1990s. Considering the fact that no one is really sure about the Concorde's adverse effects on the environment, many airline executives also note that it would simply be unfair—and inimical to good international relations—to keep it out.

The Concorde may prove to be an environmental mistake and an economic disaster. But it may also prove to be relatively harmless and convenient, and a first step toward a new era in flight. The best way to decide whether it is a boon or a bane is to grant the Franco-British request for limited service.

**Concorde SST
is NOT healthy
for CHILDREN
and other
living things!**



She will never forget the pain of poverty.

Patsy knows what it is to be poor.

She knows what it feels like to be hungry, to wear cast-off clothes, to sleep on the floor because there is no bed.

Patsy lives in a slum on the outskirts of a city in India. She shares two rooms with her parents and six brothers and sisters.

Though he works hard, Patsy's father earns less than \$250 a year, not nearly enough to provide for the family's needs. Her mother is illiterate and has no job.

But Patsy is lucky. She now has a chance to escape this poverty. She has a kind sponsor in the U.S. who is helping her through the Christian Children's Fund.

Patsy attends a school affiliated with CCF. She gets books, school uniforms and other clothes. At school she is given breakfast, lunch and nourishing snacks.

For Patsy, going to school—getting an education—is the happiest part of her life. In spite of all her troubles, she wants to be a teacher when she grows up.

You can sponsor a child like Patsy for \$15 a month. Please fill out coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You'll receive your sponsored child's name, address, photograph and project description. You're encouraged to write the child and your letters will be answered. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.)

Have the satisfaction of knowing you can make a big difference in the life of a needy child. Please fill out coupon now.

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia and the Philippines.



Write today: Dr. Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

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I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____.

Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph. I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

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Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

TT 3112

Counterattack

In the 1960s mainstream Protestants in America were swept up in such social crusades as civil rights and opposition to the Viet Nam War. Since then, however, something of a reaction has set in. Denominations have trimmed their social sails, and many activist preachers have turned inward, emphasizing personal psychological needs.

Theologians too have shifted ground. Some have feared that the swing toward social involvement undercut belief in a God who ultimately transcends the affairs of this world. A year ago, a group of them met in Hartford, Conn., and issued a dramatic "Appeal for Theological Affirmation" (TIME, Feb. 10). The Hartford group—mostly Protestant but with a number of Roman Catholics and Eastern Orthodox joining in the effort—hurled anathemas against 13 "false and debilitating" themes, including the belief that "the struggle for a better humanity will bring about the Kingdom of God."

That aroused the liberals, who were already on the defensive and felt that the Hartford appeal strengthened a dangerous trend. Last week the latest in a series of responses to Hartford was unleashed by a 21-member task force of the Boston Industrial Mission. "It is a counterattack called 'The Boston Affirmations' and it constitutes a theological rallying cry against any retreat from social action."

Insisting that the Social Gospel is not dead, the Boston group is enthusiastic about the struggle by the world's poor for a better material life, the drive for "ethnic dignity," women's campaign against "sexist subordination" in church and society, and efforts to foster a love for cities as "centers of civility, culture and human interdependence."

*Cambridge-based, the B.I.M. was set up by Protestant churches in 1965 to raise issues of ethics and social justice among the Boston area's business, technological and industrial professionals.

If the last sounds like an echo of the liberal Protestant bible of the mid-1960s, *The Secular City*, it is no coincidence. The best-known member of the Boston group is that book's author, Harvey Cox of Harvard Divinity School, who joined the other signers in the scruffy B.I.M. office to celebrate the "Affirmations" with a liturgy and a lunch of jug Burgundy and ham-and-cheese sandwiches. Besides Cox, the task force included Black Theologian Preston Williams of Harvard, a Chicano theologian from California, a local pastor laden with preliminary documents for the World Council of Churches assembly, and Social Ethicist Max Stackhouse of Andover Newton Theological School, who edited the various drafts of the pronouncement.

Fall and Exodus. Despite the continuing argument, there is some convergence between heavenly Hartford and worldly Boston. The Hartford theologians, no social dropouts, insist that emphasis on God's "transcendence" and traditional faith is not only compatible with social action but strengthens it. The Bostonians profess that God "brings into being all resources, all life" and, on that basis, insist that Christians have a responsibility to tackle social ills. The argument proceeds through eight sections, bearing traditional titles ("Creation," "Fall" and "Exodus").

The Boston statement ends on a note of eloquence. When Hartford-style "spiritual blindness" wins out, it says, "the world as God's creation is abandoned, sin rules, liberation is frustrated, covenant is broken, prophecy is stilled, wisdom is betrayed, suffering love is transformed into triviality."

How will the Hartford transcendence partisans respond to the blast from Boston? Says Cox with a grin: "They will be stunned and so overwhelmed by our logic and theological precision that they will be pressed into embarrassed silence."

THEOLOGIAN HARVEY COX AT LAST WEEK'S UNLEASHING OF "BOSTON AFFIRMATIONS"



If you're the one who never had an accident, why is your insurance bill going up 20%?

The cost of accidents has skyrocketed.

Medical expenses have spiraled. Repair costs, wage losses, and legal fees have all increased.

And this directly affects everybody's auto insurance bill.

The average increase you can expect is about 20%. In some states it could be even greater.

In the same way, the higher cost of your homeowners insurance reflects the higher prices insurance companies have to pay to replace a damaged roof, broken window, or a whole house.

And businesses are paying more for their commercial insurance due to the rising costs of labor, buildings, and equipment.

Insurance, after all, is simply a means of spreading risk.

Insurance companies collect premiums from many people and



compensate the few who have losses.

The price of insurance must reflect the rising cost of compensating those losses and the work that goes into doing that. And that's why your premiums have been going up.

*No one likes higher prices.
But we're telling it straight.*

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INSURANCE COMPANIES
THE POLICY MAKERS.**

Common Declaration of the thirteen united States

[illegible]

Guaranteeing Our Independence

A new nation . . . free men and women . . . free institutions.

Ideas central to our Declaration of Independence and the successful American experiment. We celebrate them during our Bicentennial. With pride and satisfaction.

But the Declaration of 1776 means even more. It was a promise that the new Americans and succeeding generations would have opportunity to do what they could and should do for themselves, to exercise individual enterprise and initiative to build for themselves, their loved ones, their country.

Americans have used this opportunity well. They have worked, shared, saved, and invested to secure—and assure—national and personal well-being.

For millions, it has been and still is just plain common sense to make a personal declaration of

financial independence through life insurance. In doing so, they've relied on the professional counsel of the career life underwriter—who listens, advises, ever demonstrates the advantage of personal service.

Americans' personal initiative and self-reliance are very real in 1976 . . . and that's something else to celebrate during our Bicentennial.

Your life underwriter...
Someone you can talk to.



The National Association of Life Underwriters
1922 F Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

STOCK MARKET

A Very Bullish Beginning for 1976

Wall Streeters are accustomed to it. As each new year begins, stock prices generally rally at least slightly, rebounding from the December sell-offs when investors dumped lackluster shares to establish losses for tax purposes. What happened last week, however, far surpassed the usual January flurry: with a powerful surge, the stock market leaped into the new year. On each day last week, prices successively chalked up solid to spectacular gains, adding a total of 52.42 points to the Dow Jones industrial average. That barometer broke through the psychologically important 900 mark to close the week at 911.13.

Though that is still far below the all-time high of 1051.70 in January 1973, brokers were delighted that the Dow has at last jumped above the 820-to-869 range in which it had been mired for five months. Said John J. Smith, partner in the brokerage house of Fahnestock & Co.: "The market has finally broken out on the upside, encouraging the bulls."

Broadly Based. The rally was especially impressive because it was very broadly based and accomplished in some of the heaviest trading ever. Turnover on the New York Stock Exchange one day reached 33 million shares, the third highest on record. For all last week volume totaled 141,948,050 shares, the second highest trading week in history. A large number of trades in blocks of 10,000 shares or more indicated that institutional investors—mutual funds, pension funds, trusts—that had been on the sidelines had strongly re-entered the market. Furthermore, just about all categories of stocks profited from the upsurge. On one day, advancing issues outnumbered declining ones by seven-to-one. Among the big gainers Du Pont

(11½ points), General Electric (4 points), Procter & Gamble (5½ points) and U.S. Steel (5½ points).

Taken aback by the suddenness of the market's revival, some analysts fear that the rally has driven prices above appealing levels, and that a downturn must come. Indeed, it would be astonishing if prices did not slip back soon, at least temporarily, after shooting up so far and so fast. The most prevalent view on Wall Street, however, is that stocks are entering a second stage of a major bull market that, in the opinion of followers of the Dow theory, began unmistakably a year ago. Though the second stage of a bull market usually is characterized by a somewhat more cautious advance than the first, some analysts are predicting that the Dow Jones average could again test 1000 before year's end. Says Harold Janeway, a senior vice president of White, Weld & Co.: "We are not in a runaway bull market with all the speculative trimmings, but we certainly are in a positive environment."

If the market does in fact go on toward its old highs, that could be important news for many Americans besides those who own stock (25 million according to a New York Stock Exchange survey in late 1975, down from 30.9 million in 1970). For the past few years, the market has been performing with great accuracy as a leading indicator of the economy's direction. In late 1973, prices broke calamitously, wiping out some \$473.5 billion in stock values over the next year and correctly forecasting the severity of the recession that followed. Then in December 1974, while the economy was plunging toward the bottom of the slump, the market began to turn upward smartly, anticipating the recovery that began last spring. During

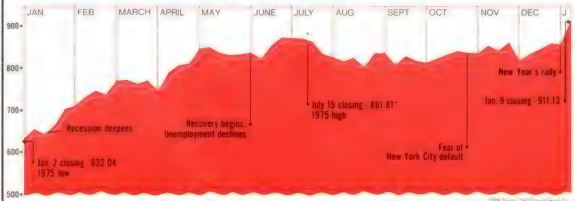
1975, prices of shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange rose 38.7%, the second largest increase since World War II, though most of the advance occurred early in the year.

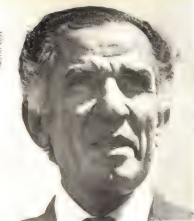
Long Term. Two immediate factors spurred last week's renewed upsurge. One was a firming up of the bond market, where prices have risen and interest yields fallen, making bonds less attractive than stocks to many investors. The other was a one-quarter point cut in the prime bank lending rate to 7% by Cleveland Trust Co., followed a day later by Chase Manhattan. Cheaper

SWEEPING UP AT NEW YORK EXCHANGE



1975-76 Dow Jones Industrials WEEKLY CLOSINGS





IRAN'S JAMSHID AMOZEGAR
More price hikes ahead?

credit would spur economic expansion and encourage investors to borrow money to buy shares. But a sustained long-term rally will depend, of course, on the state of the economy.

The current signs are promising. The Federal Reserve Board seems fully committed to expansionary increases in the nation's money supply—a development that economists of the monetarist school believe is essential for a rising stock market. Auto sales in December jumped 39.6% over a year earlier and even exceeded those in the final month of 1973, the industry's record year. The wholesale price index fell .4% in December, indicating a continuing slackening of inflationary pressures, but the nation's troublesomely high unemployment rate remained unchanged at 8.3%.

Improving Indicators. To the indications of an improving economy can now be added the stock market itself. Economists have long debated whether swings in stock prices help to cause recessions and recoveries, as well as signaling them. The general view is that at the very least they have some impact. Among other things, rising stock prices make it easier for companies to raise money, and make millions of people feel richer and more cheerful—an economic factor of no small importance.

OIL

Living with OPEC

A prime goal of U.S. oil diplomacy over the past two years has been to break up the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. The U.S. tried to weld consuming countries into a bloc that would reduce oil imports and accelerate development of alternative sources of energy, with the aim of shrinking OPEC revenues enough to prod some of its 13 member nations to cut prices, thus dissolving the cartel. The strategy seemed justified: OPEC's quintupling of prices since late 1973 has aggravated both inflation and recession in industrialized countries. But the attempt simply did not work, and now the policy is being



ASSISTANT TREASURY SECRETARY GERALD PARSKY MAKES A POINT IN WASHINGTON
Seeking political gains through accommodation, not confrontation.

quietly shelved. The U.S. Government has decided that it cannot beat the cartel and that, as a result, it may just as well learn to live with it—perhaps even gain politically from its existence. Assistant Treasury Secretary Gerald Parsky sums up the new mood: "Breaking up OPEC would be detrimental to the direction in which we want to go."

The softening U.S. attitude is prompted by several factors. Early predictions that a massive transfer of wealth to the oil-producing states would cripple the industrial world's financial and production systems have proved unfounded. Most of the newly rich producers have become big spenders, and are creating lush export markets for U.S., European and Japanese goods. Much of the rapid rise in oil prices has already been absorbed by consumer countries. According to a recent study by the Brookings Institution, even with higher oil prices the growth of disposable income in the developed world will be slowed by only 3% or so between now and 1980.

Then, too, the Administration has been unable to rally Europeans and the Japanese to its anti-OPEC strategy. They are far more dependent on oil imports than the U.S. and are exceedingly reluctant to annoy the producing states. France has refused even to join the International Energy Agency, which the U.S. hoped would unite consumer nations in a struggle against OPEC pricing policies. Britain, which is pinning its hopes for recovery on North Sea oil, is banking heavily on continuing high crude prices. Prime Minister Harold Wilson says it is "not entirely misplaced humor" that Britain eventually might actually join OPEC. Non-OPEC producers like Canada and Mexico have also benefited from the lowering cost of oil and are not about to press for reductions.

Moreover, OPEC has proved remarkably resilient because its members are well aware that their power to fix prices lies in their ability to maintain a united front. Thus cartel members have been able to hold traditional animosities in

check—at least so far. Iran and Iraq managed to settle a long-smoldering border dispute, and radical Algeria fell in line behind Saudi Arabia's moderate pricing policies when the Saudis presented Algeria with a generous loan. Ungluing OPEC, if it could still be done at all, would require extraordinarily disruptive measures by the U.S.: for example, actively fostering friction between such rivals as Iran and Saudi Arabia. But experts fear that disruptive measures could lead to unpredictable turmoil, especially in the already explosive Middle East. That kind of strategy, says a State Department Middle East specialist, would be "so politically damaging as not to be worth the effort."

Ending Confrontation. Instead of confrontation, the U.S. is now seeking to influence OPEC through accommodation with Saudi Arabia, the cartel's most influential member and biggest producer. The Saudis' avid anti-Communism, their support of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat against more radical Arab leaders and their relatively moderate position on oil pricing make them particularly acceptable to American policymakers. Despite its vast wealth, Saudi Arabia is still essentially a feudal state badly in need of both industrial and agricultural development. In the past year or so, the U.S. has signed agreements to provide the Saudis with military and technical assistance, including electrification projects and agricultural development programs. Says Saudi Information Minister Muhammad Abdo Yamani: "We see signs that make us optimistic about American policy."

The strategy worked last fall, when the Saudis held the latest OPEC price boost to a stated 10%, though some cartel members had wanted much more. Whether OPEC will continue to present even a façade of moderation, however, remains open to question. Iranian Interior Minister Jamshid Amouzegar recently noted that with the expected worldwide economic recovery, new oil price boosts "will become possible again in mid-1976."

AUTOS

Grasping for Clean Air

Ever since teeth were put into the Clean Air Act more than five years ago, Detroit's automakers have waged a continuing battle with Congress and Government regulators over the timetable and standards for cleaning up exhaust emissions from the nation's cars. They have won some delays: the deadline for meeting the highest federal antipollution standards, once scheduled for all cars by 1975, has been pushed back to 1978 and is likely to be extended further. Nonetheless, automakers are finding the regulatory climate hostile. That is especially true in California, where state authorities view smog control as a matter of life and death and have imposed emission standards even more rigorous than those mandated by federal law, thus posing tricky production problems for Detroit.

High Fine. Last week the California air resources board fined American Motors \$4.3 million and banned sales of the company's Gremlins, Matadors and Hornets with 304-cu.-in. V8 engines. The board accused A.M.C. of producing polluting cars and submitting reports that falsely showed they met California standards. In Detroit, A.M.C. officials denied intentionally making any false reports. They called the fine "unreasonable" and the sales ban unjustified since only about 1,000 cars were involved. Mindful of A.M.C.'s precarious competitive position (the company lost \$27.5 million in the last fiscal year), the state may reduce the fine by 75% and require A.M.C. to pump the money saved into its antipollution efforts. Even so, the remaining fine of around \$1 million would be one of the highest on record in an auto-pollution case.

Two days after the California action, the federal Environmental Protection Agency and the Justice Department sued Chrysler Corp., alleging that a few 1974 Valiants and Darts were equipped with combinations of emission-control equipment not certified by EPA. The EPA

found exactly 42 such autos and asked for a fine of \$420,000. Chrysler admitted to an "accidental production error," but protested: "The severe penalty for such a trivial incident is unjustified."

One problem for the automakers is that California and the Federal Government not only set different standards but use different methods of testing to see whether those standards are met. The EPA requires testing during a car's pre-production stage, long before it begins rolling off assembly lines. California, on the other hand, tests production-line cars. That difference will soon end: within a month the Government will adopt the stiffer procedure, also requiring tests of actual production vehicles.

The longer-run problem in cleaning up auto exhaust is that with present equipment the carmakers cannot meet the tougher standards that will be required under present rules by 1978. Automakers get the vast majority of their cars past muster now by attaching catalytic converters that remove pollutants from exhaust after it leaves the engine but before it blows out of the tailpipe (see diagram). In order to get as much nitrogen oxide out of the exhaust as they must by 1978, however, the carmakers will have to resort to lower combustion temperatures, reduced compression ratios and other engine modifications. Those changes, they say, will cut into fuel economy, currently a prime concern of motorists. Critics contend that the industry should never have put its main reliance on the catalytic converter in the first place, but should have concentrated on engine modifications long ago.

MANAGEMENT

Group Think

Managing a modern corporation has put an increasing strain on the time, skills and knowledge of the chief executive. As corporate complexities multiply, more companies are turning to a management setup that attempts to broaden corporate leadership by dras-

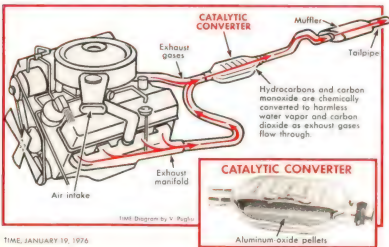
tically altering the traditional chain of command. Instead of one man at the pinnacle, the companies are creating the so-called "office of the chairman," which is composed of three, four or even five top officers who share responsibility for running the company and transform the old method of solitary decision making into a kind of group think. Last week the idea began to take on the dimensions of a full-blown fad when two corporate giants—Trans World Airlines and Sears, Roebuck & Co.—adopted the arrangement on successive days.

Talent Merge. At TWA, Chief Executive Charles Tillinghast will put off his scheduled retirement on Jan. 31 and serve with two of the airline's top officers in a three-man office of the chairman. His colleagues: Edwin Smart, formerly senior vice president, corporate, who is expected to be the carrier's new chief, and C.E. Meyer, senior vice president in charge of finance. Part of the reason for the restructuring, according to analysts: TWA, which lost a record \$81 million in the first eleven months of last year, has not found a top-notch executive from outside the company to succeed Tillinghast. Thus the board decided that the most effective way to strengthen the ailing line's leadership was to merge its best available talent in a single office.

At Sears, the new office will be filled by Chairman Arthur M. Wood, President Dean Swift and Senior Vice Presidents James W. Button and Edward R. Telling. The setup is likely to last until 1978, when Wood is expected to step down. Though Sears has problems, it is in generally good shape; last week the company reported that sales during the four-week period ended Dec. 27 totaled a record \$1.7 billion. Analyst Walter Loeb of the Manhattan investment banking house of Morgan Stanley believes the new office will enable Sears' key officers to concentrate more intensively on sprucing up the firm's product styles, merchandising techniques and customer relations.

More than a dozen other companies, large and small, also have three or more top executives. General Electric has long had such an arrangement. In 1972 ITT adopted the multiple-management plan, mainly to prepare for the retirement of its chief, Harold Geneen; at present both Geneen and structure remain. RCA also established an office of the chairman last September, but abolished it and returned to a conventional organization when Chairman Robert W. Sarnoff resigned in November. Other firms that in recent years have experimented with executive offices of three or more officials are Honeywell, Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., Armco Steel and Associated Dry Goods.

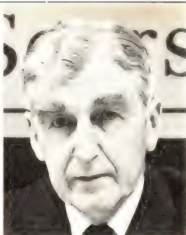
The idea of sharing leadership responsibility, of course, is not new in U.S. corporations. Many firms have informal "inner cabinets" that hammer out difficult decisions. But until recently the arrangement was only rarely made for-





TWA'S CHARLES TILLINGHAST

Broadening leadership by drastically altering the chain of command.



SEARS' ARTHUR M. WOOD

Broadening leadership by drastically altering the chain of command.

mal. Even now it is used most often as a device to lend continuity during a period when an older chief is stepping down and a fresh leader is taking over.

The system offers important advantages. It provides invaluable on-the-job training for promising executives and provides a goal for lower managers to strive for. In addition, raising an executive to the top echelon often frees him from inhibitions that kept him from forcefully pushing for valuable innovations. Then, too, with three or four people at the top, particular areas such as long-range planning can be given closer attention. Because many people want to do business directly with the top brass, the demands upon the time of a chief executive under a conventional management setup can be punishing. The multimanagerment plan enables three heads of a company to turn up for meetings at the same time in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

The major flaw in the system is that it can lead to ambiguity of command. Unless a company is precise in spelling out lines of authority when introducing a multichief system, subordinates could well wind up being uncertain about where the buck finally stops—here, or here, or

paid balance, a rate well below expected market interest rates.

The President's plan thus amounts to a five-year interest-free loan to heirs, followed by a 20-year subsidized loan. Under present law, an heir to an estate of any size over \$60,000 must begin paying taxes within nine months of the owner's death, must complete payments in ten years and must pay interest at 9% (the rate will go down to 7% on Feb. 1). Ford's program, though, does not go as far toward helping farmers as a sweeping rule change suggested by Indiana Senator—and Democratic presidential hopeful—Birch Bayh. His bill would exempt the first \$200,000 of an estate from taxation entirely, though only for people who inherit family farms that were owned and controlled by the deceased for at least five years. Inheritors of small businesses would not be helped at all

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Bayh charged last week that Ford's tax-deferral plan would only mean "slow death for family farms, instead of sudden death."

That seems hyperbolic; Ford's plan has much to commend it. Inheritance taxes now place a disproportionate hardship on small estates, partly because it is often hard to appraise the true value of small farms and businesses. Another reason: the tax schedule is not very progressive. The current average effective rate on a \$300,000 estate is about 10%; the effective rate on a \$1 million estate is less than double that—about 18%. Moreover, the heir to a large fortune usually has an easier time coming up with the cash to pay the estate tax than the person whose inheritance consists of farmland and animals or the building and equipment of a laundry, clothing store or restaurant. Even so, the widely held belief that estate taxes have mightily contributed to the decline of the family farm is difficult to prove: few if any statistics exist to document it. That is not likely to deter politicians of either party from harping on the belief as they pursue the farm vote this year.

Cinematic Shelter

Bankrolling movies has long been considered a risky investment, and indeed it is. Nonetheless, a growing number of wealthy investors who seldom if ever come near a set or meet a star are pumping money into movie production, seeking not only glamour but write-offs that will reduce the taxes on their other income. Since 1973, a rising amount of tax-shelter money has been funneled

Peacock v. the Pea

In the fall of 1974, NBC decided to replace its timeworn symbols, the rainbow-plumed peacock and the curvise cluster of letters known affectionately as "the snake." The network retained Lippincott & Margulies, a Manhattan firm specializing in corporate face-lifts. After 14 months, at a cost estimated to be as high as \$750,000, L & M produced an abstract N composed of two trapezoids, one red, one blue. NBC is now emblazoning the N on cameras, microphones, stationery, packaging,

uniforms, and office walls. Probable total cost: another couple of million.

Then somebody discovered that the same twin-trapezoid N, only in solid red, has been since last June the official logo of the Lincoln-based Nebraska Educational Television Network. NETV Art Director Bill Korbus, working on salaried time, had developed the design. Total additional cost less than \$100, says Korbus. "It's hysterical," chuckles NBC Newscaster Tom Snyder. "It's one of those things that happen when executives sit down to do something creative."

NBC professes confidence that the carbon-copy symbols will cause no confusion. Officials of NETV—whose program *Anyone for Tennyson?* is being broadcast on public TV nationwide—doubt that. Says Program Manager Ron Hull: "If you see that in New York, you're going to say, 'Those Nebraska hicks stole NBC's symbol.' And that's not true." Lawyers for both networks are pondering whether NETV can claim prior use and force NBC to dust off the peacock

TAXES

Saving the Family Farm

With an eye on the farm vote, President Ford last week proposed a major change in U.S. estate-tax rules. Purpose: to protect farm families and owners of small businesses from having to sell their properties in order to pay stiff federal inheritance taxes. Ford's plan, unveiled in a speech to the American Farm Bureau Federation in St. Louis, would apply to estates valued at \$300,000 or less that consist of at least a 20% share in a farm or small business. The heir to such an estate would not have to begin paying estate taxes until five years after the owner's death. He would then get 20 years to pay the taxes and would be charged interest of only 4% each year on the un-



The Natural Gas shortage is critical.

Getting more should be a national priority.



America's natural gas shortage is serious and getting worse. According to statistics released by the White House, the shortage of natural gas this year could be almost twice as bad as last year. And that affects each and every American.

Millions of jobs depend on natural gas.

Natural gas provides half the energy for America's industry. That's nearly double the amount any other fuel supplies. So gas keeps millions of jobs going. Maybe yours. Most of the products you use are related to natural gas in some way. And there are more than forty million families who depend on gas for heating or cooking, or both.

There's no alternative to natural gas.

Gas accounts for 40% of the energy produced here in the U.S.—far more

than any other fuel by far. No other energy is available in large enough quantities to take its place or do all that natural gas does. If our nation's economic recovery is to continue and unemployment reduced, natural gas supplies must be increased.

Getting more gas is vital to America's future.

There's a huge resource of natural gas in the U.S. It's under the ocean. In the Rockies. Up in the Arctic. In the deepest, most difficult places. The gas industry is ready to invest billions of dollars, and take the business risks necessary to get this gas. But much of this work waits on the tough energy decisions America must make. And soon. We need your understanding and support. And your help in conserving gas.

AGA American Gas Association



THE GREAT ESCAPE.



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Celebrating 50 Years of Growth and Progress

In 50 years time, Calumet Auto has grown from a one-man-operated auto scrapping yard to an ultra-modern, multi-staffed, auto & truck recycling operations. As we celebrate our Golden Anniversary, we know there are many people to thank—friends, staff, customers—for successfully bringing Calumet Auto to this significant milestone. But most of all, we are grateful to Ben Levin, our founder. And for his guidance, inspiration and positive efforts, we say . . .

*"Thank You, Ben Levin,
for 50 Wonderful Years!"*

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The Horseshot.

(Smirnoff, tomato juice and horseradish)

Someone, it seems, is always trying to improve on the Bloody Mary. But only rarely do we run across a variant we consider successful.

Recently we discovered just such a happy exception when a ski-touring friend stopped through and suggested we try a Horseshot.

"It has a pleasantly rambunctious edge to it," was his claim, "like the flavor of that red cocktail sauce that you never quite get enough of."

We agree with our friend and also with his simple rule for enjoying The Horseshot: "I save it for après-ski."



To make a Horseshot, pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Fill with tomato juice, add horseradish to taste and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

into movie production by non-Hollywoodians who earn \$125,000 to \$200,000 a year—especially doctors. By some estimates, the flow could reach \$1 billion in 1976. Tax-shelter money now at least partly finances the production of more than half of all the films shown in the U.S., including such recent big-name flicks as *Shampoo*, *Chinatown*, *Breakout* and *The Great Gatsby*.

Tax Pitfalls. Movie tax shelters usually work this way: an investment "packager" forms a partnership of people who put up in cash 25% of the cost of a film. The packager obtains a bank loan for the remaining 75%—a "non-recourse" loan that will be repaid only if the film makes money. The packager then buys an already completed movie for the partnership.

will be taxable. Added to his nonmovie income, those profits can lift him from the 50% into the 70% tax bracket.

There is a possibility too that congressional tax reformers will end the bonanza. A bill that would have erased most of the tax advantages of investing in movies passed the House last year. It is pending before the Senate Finance Committee and a new attempt to muster votes for it probably will be made in 1976. Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. Vice President Burton R. Marcus concedes that the current law has bred abuses that "constitute a rip-off and ought to be eliminated." Like other motion-picture executives, however, he is afraid that Congress may enact legislation that would damage the industry's ability to obtain conventional outside financing

itancy of Spanish labor since the death of Francisco Franco in November. And labor unrest is compounding the economic woes the new King and his government have inherited from the dictator. After spectacular gains in the 1960s and early '70s, Spain's economy is now afflicted by a 15% inflation rate and rising unemployment. To bring about a recovery, the new government must walk a wobbly tightrope between the forces of left and right.

Part of the trouble came about because Franco in his last years did not live up to his parsimonious image. Eager to avoid social unrest, the dictator's economic counselors allowed officially sanctioned unions (*sindicatos*) to win wage increases—30% in 1974 and 28% in 1975—that far exceeded government guidelines. Spain's new Finance Minister, Juan Miguel Villar Mir, recently confessed to the Spanish Parliament, "In 1975 we created our inflation entirely by ourselves."

Francisco cannot be blamed for the recession that has engulfed Spain along with the rest of the industrialized world, but he had no program to combat it. Investment in industry fell 10% last year, and by official estimate national production rose a bare 1% (by some outside estimates it declined 1%). About 700,000 Spanish workers, or 5.4% of the labor force, are jobless. Another 8% or so have had to seek work abroad, and other European countries are now telling their "guest workers" to go home. Rising oil prices have exacerbated Spain's already unhealthy payments deficit. Pressure is mounting for a devaluation of the peseta, which would mean higher prices for imported raw materials and thus more inflation.

Illegal Unions. In order to revive its economy, Spain needs an infusion of investment capital, but it is unlikely to get it until inflation is brought down. To that end, Villar Mir now says, "salaries and wages must rigorously adjust their expansion to increases in the cost of living." But that policy is easier to state than to follow.

Wage contracts affecting about 1.5 million workers expired at the end of the year, and in some major industries negotiations have been fruitless. Some of the biggest companies involved are strongholds of clandestine unions, which have been gaining strength and are sympathetic to Spain's equally illegal socialist and Communist parties. Last month the clandestine unions staged a general strike that idled more than 75,000 workers for two days.

To keep peace, the Juan Carlos regime must mollify the labor force. Since the government cannot afford to let workers win inflationary wage boosts, the betting is that it will move to legalize the nonofficial unions, which will surely anger the right-wing elements that still wield major power in Spain. For the new regime, at the moment, there simply is no easy way out.



CHARLES BRONSON IN *BREAKOUT*; WARREN BEATTY, JULIE CHRISTIE IN *SHAMPOO*

SPAIN

No Easy Answers

It was hardly the kind of New Year's celebration that Spain's King Juan Carlos had in mind. Early last week 3,800 workers in Madrid's rapid-transit system called an illegal strike, leaving the capital without subway service and causing giant traffic jams. The strikers demanded half of a recent fare increase as a \$600-per-person wage raise. Thousands of workers in other industries staged sympathy demonstrations that police broke up with tear gas.

Army railroad engineers were called in to operate some of the idled trains. The fledgling Cabinet of Premier Carlos Arias Navarro threatened to draft the strikers into the armed forces, thus making them liable for courts-martial if they disobeyed back-to-work orders. At week's end the subway workers settled for an immediate \$455 raise and a promise of further negotiations, but they could go out again on Jan. 19.

The subway strike was the most dramatic example so far of the growing mil-

If an investor puts up \$25,000 in cash, his share of the loan will be about \$75,000, and the total cost of the movie to him will be figured for tax purposes at \$100,000. He gets three tax breaks: 1) he can deduct interest on his \$75,000 share of the loan; 2) in the first year, he can take two-thirds of the 10% investment tax credit on his \$100,000 share of the movie's cost; 3) most important, he can take a depreciation write-off on the whole \$100,000—80% of it in the first 18 months. For \$25,000 in cash, the investor can get write-offs that in the first year virtually wipe out the taxes on \$75,000 to \$100,000 of his nonmovie income.

Lucrative as such deals are, they have pitfalls, which not all packagers explain to their clients. If the movie is a disaster and the partnership cannot repay its bank loan, then part of the tax deductions go to the bank rather than the investors—who will be billed for back taxes, plus interest. Oddly enough, if the movie is a gargantuan hit that brings in profits for years, the investor may be even worse off. Since he has taken most of his tax write-offs in the first year or two, his share of the profits in later years

The Power Boys: Push Pays Off

Learn to ignore your altruistic instincts.

—Author Robert J. Ringer

My argument is with people who do not view the world cynically.

—Author Michael Korda

They are publishing's new odd couple. Columbus-born Robert Ringer, 37, is a brash college dropout and hard-boiled hustler who roars his Honda 750 through Los Angeles' swooping canyons. London-born Michael Korda, 42, is a sophisticated and well-connected editor, a graduate of Oxford who rides his horse each morning in Manhattan's Central Park. But no one doubts that both are working the same side of the street. Ringer's *Winning Through Intimidation* is No. 5 on the *Publisher's Weekly* best-seller's list, one rung above Korda's *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It*. Though drubbed by reviewers for their oversimplified and sometimes silly Machiavellian advice, the two books have already sold half a million copies, are currently being offered by six book clubs and are bringing their surprised authors renown as the twin Dale Carnegies of the cynical '70s.

Korda dispenses breezy bits of office one-upmanship (jam a visitor's chair into a small space to make him feel powerless, speak softly to an elderly rival—it may make him think he is going deaf). Ringer's book is a heady parable of the worm (himself) who turned predator and earned a spectacular \$849,901 in a single year of real estate wheeling and dealing. Despite the differences in style, the message is the same: death will come soon; meanwhile, there is nothing left to believe in but success and power in a cruel world we never made.

Dashed Hopes. *Power!* appeals mostly to anxious paper-shufflers in major cities, including the stream of White House aides who have headed for Washington's Globe Book Shop to buy a copy. *Intimidation* draws salesmen and Ringer's fellow graduates of "Screw U.," his updated term for the School of Hard Knocks. Brentano's, a bookstore chain that promotes *Intimidation* heavily, says the book is moving fast in all its stores.

Both books are cashing in on the nation's current mood of disillusionment and individual helplessness, which social scientists see as the sour product of the recession and the dashed hopes of the 1960s. In insisting that hard work will get you nowhere, Korda and Ringer are preaching to a growing number of converts. Says Paula Landau, consultant for an "assertion" training group in North Hollywood, Calif.: "There is

an unprecedented feeling of loss of control. The middle class is losing out, and they know it." According to U.C.L.A. Psychologist Manuel Smith, author of the self-assertion bestseller *When I Say No I Feel Gutty*, "There is the feeling that all the institutions we believed in are bullshit."

Like the more aggressive tracts of the women's movement and the burgeoning self-assertion programs, the Korda and Ringer books are psychic Charles Atlas courses. Appropriately,



ROBERT RINGER PRACTICING INTIMIDATION AT HIS BEVERLY HILLS OFFICE

"Every time I forget my principles, I lose money."

both authors present themselves as 98-lb. weaklings. "I am the person for whom my book was written," says Korda. "Every time I forget the lessons in my book, I lose money," says Ringer. Both are sure they have a way to handle bullies who would otherwise kick sand in their faces. "The books give permission to attack," says Business Psychologist Harry Levinson, a lecturer at Harvard. "They legitimize the underlying aggression in people."

Among the bookish, both Korda and Ringer are usually dismissed with a sneer. At the Harvard Business School Coop, both works are "regarded as light reading." Says a powerful New York book editor: "They are pathetic diagrams for people who no longer believe their own stuff will carry them through life. They feel if they could just memorize some rules, they could get over the abyss."

If so, Korda and Ringer may have hit on the how-to-succeed formula for

their time. Self-help books used to stress the individual's ability to change the world. Publishers distributed 40 million copies of Elbert Hubbard's *A Message to Garcia* (1899), a bracing sermon about an army lieutenant who overcame all obstacles on a secret mission during the Spanish-American War. Later, in Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (1936), getting ahead meant getting along with others, a suitable note for an increasingly complex and bureaucratic nation. Yet in Carnegie and in self-help books of the 1950s like Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking* (1952), the ideal

of hard work recedes. Korda and Ringer are a final mutation in the tradition: the system is chaotically unjust, and only manipulation pays off.

Survival Guide. For some, *Power!* and *Intimidation* are practical guides. "Ringer's book helps take the Mr. Milquetoast out of some of our more timid salesmen," says Dick Jones, a Miami real estate broker who has made *Intimidation* required reading for his 17 salesmen. Leroy Machula, an elementary school principal in Le Roy, Minn., says he will use Ringer methods in applying for a new job, including a version of Ringer's lavish \$5 calling card. Maxene Andrews of the Andrews Sisters is another *Intimidation* enthusiast. "I wish I had read it before my Broadway show *Over There*," she says. "I was so intimidated by the producer to give him more credit than he deserved."

A female executive in Chicago says she uses Kordaesque gimmicks to protect her power. Example: she often ar-

bitrarily picks out something a male associate says at a meeting and contradicts it firmly to show her rank. "It works," she says with a smile. Miami Executive Conrad Omanski considers *Power* a survival guide: "It has allowed me to recognize the little power plays in business, with some people currying favor with gifts and resorting to left-handed forms of bribery."

Much of Korda's book concentrates on dress and the trappings of power, including which briefcase and footwear to buy (Gucci loafers are "power shoes"). Some of his advice reads like a mad parody. Rising executives should practice a strong "power gaze" in front of a mirror. If they can't maintain it without twitching, Xylocaine, an anesthetic ointment, should be applied to the face be-

office and in effect seized the territory as fast as possible, things could have gone wrong."

Colleagues say Korda is fond of role playing. After the opening of the movie *The Man Who Would Be King*, friends found him playing the sergeant major. Once he strode into a sales convention in full fox-hunting gear, blowing a hunting horn and proceeding to present a book on the Maryland hunting set. Says one associate: "It was not humor. It was Korda's chance to display his sense of costume and class."

Screaming Ads. The theatricality may be understandable. Korda is the nephew of the famed Hungarian-born film producer Sir Alexander Korda and spent much of his youth crisscrossing Europe with his powerful and elite

novel by his right-wing idol, Ayn Rand.

Says Ringer: "Ambitious people should see the world as it is—overpopulated, polluted, headed for the worst depression of all time—and get to the well before it dries up forever." For Ringer it was a slow trip to the well. By his own account, he was a failure and "total shlep" for most of his life, dropping out of Ohio State dental school and blundering at an odd succession of jobs, from designing men's shirts to selling strawberries out of the back of a truck.

In the late '60s Ringer wandered into real estate as an independent broker, matching buyers and sellers of apartment houses. As his book tells it, he was fleeced out of his fee in "routine commission economies" by high-powered sharpies, until he discovered intimidation. His main breakthrough was to create a kind of Korda "power image" by erecting a massive false front. He set up lavish quarters in Columbus, sent out the \$5 calling card and learned to sweep into a client's office with a retinue of aides and secretaries. His most outlandish ploy was to buy his own \$800,000 Learjet for dramatic arrivals and departures.

Aborted Attempt. Ringer's greatest triumph was earning a commission of \$426,901.39 on a single deal, the sale of eight apartment properties in Kansas and Missouri. Says the seller of the properties, Al Moore, president of the Viking Investment Corp.: "Ringer did his homework well. He was very, very arrogant, but I don't think he ever intimidated a soul." Says another principal in a Ringer deal: "He was just a good peddler."

Within 18 months of the Viking deal Ringer had lost everything (including the jet, demolished in a crash landing) and was reduced to borrowing \$5,000 from a former associate. Ringer says only that "I forgot my principles and started to trust people."

One deal was an aborted attempt to set up a real estate fund, much like a mutual fund, to sell shares in properties. In another setback, Ringer was indicted for violating state security laws in Cincinnati in 1971. He was acquitted two years later, and says he spent \$600,000 paying off claims in the case. In 1971 the SEC blocked Ringer's attempt to build a small conglomerate out of a small company, Crescent General of L.A., which dealt in blood plasma and Utah land. Ringer hit on the idea of writing a book "because I was looking for something the Government doesn't consider illegal."

Says Ringer, who was \$200,000 to \$400,000 in debt when he wrote *Winning Through Intimidation*: "I am a tortoise of no special ability." It is a confession echoed by Korda's slogan: "No one is indispensable." If so, only hustle and trickery will get you ahead of the pack—and thousands of Americans who feel the same way are willing to pay for the advice.



MICHAEL KORDA WEARING HIS "POWER GAZE" IN HIS SIMON & SCHUSTER OFFICE
"I am the person for whom my book was written."

fore important meetings. It is all reminiscent of former Adman Shepherd Mead's 1952 book, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Mead, now living in Switzerland, says, "I wonder if they'll make a musical out of Michael's book too."

Some friends see no connection between Korda's book and Korda's life. Says one: "Michael didn't get ahead by standing in power circles and wearing power shoes." But Korda does follow some of his own advice. He practices the power gaze, learned to pick out the power seat at meetings and cultivates an appropriate air of mystery about himself by hinting to visitors about his role in some still-secret cold war mission. Korda also made sure to grab a power position when his predecessor as Simon & Schuster editor in chief, Robert Gottlieb, moved on to Random House. Says Korda, who threatened to quit if he was not allowed to take over Gottlieb's vacant office: "If I hadn't moved into that

show-biz family. But there is another view of all the role playing. "To know Michael well is to know he doesn't have much of a center," says a colleague, "so he collects roles. He goes from being a cowboy to a pilot to a daddy."

As a New York publishing insider, Korda had little trouble launching his book and getting it reviewed. Ringer had a harder time. When ten publishers turned down *Intimidation*, Ringer published it himself and sold it by mail, with screaming ads in the *Wall Street Journal* and other newspapers. Ringer spent well over \$100,000 on the ads and intimidated some bookstores into placing their own ads by proposing to give rivals exclusive sales rights in their territories. When *Intimidation* caught on, Ringer had Funk & Wagnalls take over the distribution of his book. This was O.K. with Ringer's agent Henry Rensden, who turned out to be Ringer himself, hiding behind the name of a character in *Atlas Shrugged*, the ponderous



THE NEW CHARTER PACKAGE THAT WILL MAKE 1976 A REVOLUTIONARY YEAR FOR VACATIONS

Cut-Rate Camelots

"It's going to create a new kind of vacationer," says a Midwestern tour operator. Agrees a Boston holiday wholesaler: "This is the future of travel for the masses." The development that has injected such enthusiasm into the recession-hit tourist business is known in industry jargon as O.T.C., meaning one-stop inclusive tour charter. For the tourist, the initials could well stand for Off To Camelot.

O.T.C. represents a long-sought liberalization of the Civil Aeronautics Board's charter rules—as a CAB spokesman puts it, "the most significant step the agency has ever taken in regard to charter transportation." The change, approved in September, allows the vacationer to choose between dozens of destinations at a price that includes air fare, hotel room, ground transport, taxes and tips. And no longer does the traveler have to belong to a so-called affinity group, such as a club or union, to qualify for the reduced rates. The new package is often less than the price of a scheduled-airline ticket. For example, a one-week O.T.C. Hawaii vacation with "economy" accommodations, organized by Crimson Travel of Cambridge, Mass., costs as little as \$379; by contrast, a round-trip economy ticket on a scheduled flight costs \$528. A traveler from New York can spend eight days and seven nights in London for a cut-rate \$362; the lowest unrestricted air fare alone is currently \$584. San Francisco's Creative World Travel wraps up 14 days and nights in Hong Kong for \$699 (\$799 from the East Coast), at least \$575 off the regular ticket. Many packages also include some meals, a cocktail party or two, theater tickets and sightseeing.

The wholesaler who organizes the

tour gets a discount on the air fare because the plane will presumably be around 80% full; airlines have to charge more on regular flights because they are on average half-filled and must take off on schedule. The disadvantage of O.T.C.s is that the traveler must book well in advance: 15 days for North America, Mexico and the Caribbean; 30 days for all other destinations. Moreover, he forfeits his payment if he cancels after a certain period (though low-cost insurance is available to cover the loss if he drops out). Worse, if the packager cannot sign up enough customers he may cancel the flight 15 or 30 days in advance; if so, the passenger's payment must be refunded.

In their enthusiasm for the new deals, tour operators have filed applications with the CAB for some 4,500 separate flights. "It remains to be seen how many of these get off the ground," warns one travel executive, recalling some of the fly-by-night charter operators of the late 1940s. Those prospective vacationers are well advised to check into the wholesaler responsible for the tour and even to make sure that they are booked into reputable hotels (most tours offer a choice).

Direct Flights. Charter flights are notorious for late takeoffs and other delays. New Yorkers Levi and Jeanne Pace, who are veteran travelers, recently visited the Bahamas on an O.T.C. and found it "very well-organized." Their only gripe—check-out time at their hotel was noon and their plane did not leave until 6:30 p.m. Increasingly, tourists will be able to fly on major airlines rather than lesser-known charter outfits.

Among the major beneficiaries of O.T.C.s will be people who live in heartland areas that have hitherto had few or

no direct flights overseas. A scheduled flight from Omaha to Trinidad, for example, can take 16 hours, with stopovers in Chicago, Miami, San Juan, Kingston and often Barbados. An O.T.C. trip cuts it to four hours—in addition to the savings in cash. Milwaukee's Odyssey Travel is chartering Pan Am flights nonstop to the Caribbean from Des Moines, Indianapolis, St. Louis and other Midwestern cities. Marvin Smith, vice president of Boston's American International Travel Service Inc., estimates that more than 30% of O.T.C. tourists have rarely strayed more than 500 miles from home and have never taken a vacation by air before. As Jens Jurgens, a Long Island travel writer, observes, "This is the year of the Bicentennial—and it will be a revolutionary year in American travel as well."

Non-Bons Mots in France

Despite a 1973 decree aimed at eliminating foreign—meaning American—words from *la belle langue*, the French have continued merrily to use *franglais*, that pervasive and convenient coupling of the French and English languages. They cheer *le cowboy* in *le western*, eat *le snack* (pronounced *znag*) or *le sandwich* in *le living room* or *le drugstore*, and sip *un cocktail* or *un Scotch* sur *les rocks* at *le party* au *weekend*. Now, in a new effort to *knockout* "the most obvious instances of language degradation and to protect the citizen from possible harm," a new law, Number 75-1349, forbids the use of foreign words in advertising, business contracts, TV and radio programs and the like.

The French thus are supposed to devise substitutes for the ubiquitous anglicisms that comprise a good part of their everyday vocabulary: such non-bons

MODERN LIVING

mots as bestseller, sexy, blue jeans, bowling, gadget, checkup, check-out, jumbo jet, baby sitter, nonstop, dead heat (pronounced did it), hot dog, hijack, racket, zoom, jukebox, call girl, marketing, merchandising and leasing. Evidemment, the government will need un computer—preferred usage: *ordinateur*—to track down the offending *business man*, a designation that is not precisely conveyed by its closest French equivalent, *l'homme d'affaires*, and even less by *la femme d'affaires*, a term that could apply to a woman who does not know the bottom line from *le topless*.

Like Chauvin. By way of retaliation, U.S. presidential hopefuls may be tempted to emulate France's Nicolas Chauvin and cry a pox on all alien coinages. Admittedly many of these words and phrases are silly, frilly, misused and mispronounced by Yanks; they range, without any particular *élan* or *éclat*, from *soupon* and *soupe du jour* to *déjà vu* and *à la* almost anything. However, there are hundreds of French words imbedded in the English language for which there are no substitutes—even the politician may find it hard to oppose the tongue that makes him *élite* and his wife *chic*, his views *avant-garde*, his opponent *naïve*. Who would want to unscramble *omelette*, anglicize *soufflé* or advertise *crêpes suzette* as pancakes Suzy? A *rête à tête* is not eyeball to eyeball; *savoir-faire* is considerably more than know-how. And what would Henry Kissinger do without *détente*?

Clearly, attempts to "purify" the language on either side of the Atlantic are doomed to failure—as even Valéry Giscard d'Estaing must know in his heart of hearts. A few days after signing the linguistic law, France's President was chatting to a group of journalists at the Elysée Palace. "Ce que je vais dire," he warned, "est off the record."

PIERRE HONGERER



LE DRUGSTORE IN PARIS
Le sandwich is knocked out.

TIME, JANUARY 19, 1976



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO PHOTOGRAPH our charcoal mellowing process. But this is a charcoal mellowing vat.

Into this vat we tamp finely ground charcoal. Then we seep our just-distilled whiskey slowly through the charcoal to mellow its taste before aging. Once the whiskey drips into the vat, there's no way to photograph what's happening. But when you compare Jack Daniel's to any other whiskey, you'll begin to get the picture.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Viewpoints: First-Rate First Family

That genius of the vulgar, Harry Cohn, always refused to permit movies about the American Revolution to be made on his Columbia Pictures lot. He believed that men in knee breeches and powdered wigs, spouting the stilted locutions of the 18th century, looked and sounded too silly for audiences to take seriously.

He had a point, and it is probably the reason why, of all the great events in American history, the first of them has received the least attention from films and television. The mildest praise you can offer *The Adams Chronicles* (FBS, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., E.S.T.) is that it is the exception that sorely tries Cohn's law. More important, a sampling of the 13-episode series finally lays to rest the cliché that only the British are capable of producing complex family sagas.

But the most significant thing about *The Adams Chronicles* is that it succeeds in its own terms—in dramatizing that usually unyielding material, the lives of the great. The writers have found dramatic forms spacious enough to include the acute psychological detail, and firm enough in outline to maintain reasonable suspense about precisely

how the characters will respond to historical events. Solidly professional direction and an expert, huge—172 speaking parts—corps of actors have completed the project. They succeed in humanizing a family to which we have, somehow, attached the word "distinguished" and then let slip from our historical imaginations.

Shrewd Depiction. The first episode, which takes John Adams from failure as a rustic lawyer to the center of revolutionary agitation in colonial Boston, is a fair example of how the series works. For Adams' rise to large status in our political history is paralleled by a shrewd depiction of his personal progress from a bachelorhood feverish with suppressed sexuality to a courtship of Abigail (appealingly played by Kathryn Walker) that is near-comic in its ardor.

By the time that their children start to come along, Adams is only vaguely affectionate, so preoccupied is he by public life. As played by that wonderfully energetic actor, George Grizzard, Adams is a man possessed by both a bustling ego and overwhelming idealism. He is saved from pomposity by his ability to take an ironic attitude toward his own excesses. In short, there is a density and richness in this characterization.

It is easy to see Adams as the American-style politician, brother under that wig to all the people now running up and down the country propelled by the curious belief that they are qualified to be President. But Adams is so human and unself-conscious in the anguish of frustration or the exhilaration of accomplishment that one often forgets to think of him as anything so grand as a leader, let alone as a founding father. That stress on the human basics is, of course, what all historical dramas should aim for and what so few of them actually achieve.

One hopes the series can survive John Adams' and Grizzard's demise five episodes hence. (It will continue with 17 Adamses and end with Author Henry Adams and his brother Charles Francis II, who in 1890 lost control of the Union Pacific Railroad to Jay Gould.) One hopes, too, that the awkwardness that inevitably occurs when famous historical phrases have to be worked into ordinary conversation will diminish as the series moves on to the first John's slightly less imposing descendants. One wishes, finally, that

producers would either abandon the use of tape for large enterprises of this sort or learn to light scenes so that they have the glow and richness of well-made film.

But these are small matters. What is important is that public broadcasting has brought off what commercial broadcasting has not even attempted—a Bicentennial project in which an ambitious conception is executed with matching taste and intelligence. *The Adams Chronicles* cost \$5.2 million to produce, and is thus the most ambitious dramatic project undertaken by U.S. public broadcasting. It achieved a certain notoriety last fall when huge cost overruns on the series forced its producing station—New York's WNET—to curtail some local programming in order to pay its bills. But far better a cost overrun than the more common television complaint—a talent underrun.

Richard Schickel

Tickled to Death

It must have seemed a good idea doing a parody soap opera. For the opening minutes of its first episode last week, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*—which Producer Norman Lear is syndicating because, he claims, the networks were afraid of it—still seemed like a good idea. There was the bird-brained heroine in the dreary suburb pouring endless cups of coffee for her girl friends. Their conversation revolved hilariously around the question of whether or not a waxy yellow buildup was forming on Mary's kitchen floor. The scene was an expert put-on of the soaps' traditional method of stretching a thin script to full length.

But the art of parody lies in brevity. The trick is to catch and tickle to death a form's conventions and hastily flee the scene. In a very few minutes any reasonably clever group of comic writers and players can exhaust the rather limited parodistic possibilities inherent in the soaps. Then the problem is what to do next. The only answer, of course, is to do exactly what the soaps do—give the characters some issues to turn over and over in their tiny minds. There is a mass murder down the block, the grandpa who is discovered to be a flasher, the husband suffering from impotence.

These matters do not turn out to be the height of hilarity. In fact, they are depressing. Drawing the characters in the series not from the middle-class world where most soap opera people live but from the blue-collar class where most of their viewers reside seems, like so many Norman Lear notions, condescending rather than clever. *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is silly stupid, silly stupid. **R.S.**



THE ADAMS FAMILY SURROUNDS GEORGE GRIZZARD. Overwhelming idealism—and a saving irony.



ASTROLOGER SIMON FORMAN

Horatio Faustus

SEX AND SOCIETY IN SHAKESPEARE'S AGE.
SIMON FORMAN THE ASTROLOGER

by A.L. ROWSE
315 pages. Scribners. \$12.50.

Scholars know Simon Forman as the man who attended—and made notes on—four of Shakespeare's plays performed during the dramatist's lifetime. Historian A.L. Rowse, 72, knows Forman as something more: an extravagant conflation of Horatio Alger and Doctor Faustus whose claim to fame lies buried in a "vast mass" of barely decipherable manuscripts. Having burrowed through this trove of papers, Rowse now announces that Forman "has exposed himself as no one has done, not even Pepys or Boswell or Rousseau, and with more naive candor and ingenious truthfulness than a Henry Miller."

Until a goodly swatch of Forman's writing is actually published, that assertion lacks underpinning. What Rowse does show beyond question is that Forman was an invaluable eyewitness to his superstitious yet brilliant era. Born in 1552, the self-educated country bumpkin who set up shop in London as an astrologer and unlicensed doctor soon became a kind of lay analyst to a cross-section of his society. Titled ladies, including the Countess of Essex and Somerset, consulted him. So did churchmen, merchants, seafarers, servants and prostitutes. A grandson of Thomas More

was one of his clients, as were Shakespeare's landlady and Emilia Bassano, the mysterious Venetian who Rowse claims (in *Shakespeare the Man*) was the "Dark Lady" of the sonnets.

Forman's supplicants requested bizarre services. Some asked him to divine the whereabouts of lost objects. Sailors' wives wondered when—or if—their husbands would return. Many visitors wanted to know whether their enemies were bewitching them. Most frequently, Forman consulted his charts about affairs of the heart—his own as well as others'. During his long quest for a proper bride, the astrologer rejected all women who could not pass the ordeal by horoscope. The stars told him that one candidate "will . . . bear outward in her behavior a fair show, but she will play the whore privily." He never called on her again.

Nor did Forman refrain from physical ministrations, medical and otherwise. He invented a code word—*halek*—to record sexual relations with female patients. The word pops up with awesome regularity throughout the good doctor's case notes. The Dark Lady herself received his attentions. In his mid-50s, he was still *halek* as often as three times a day, and the hundreds of casual adulteries confessed to by his clients suggest that Forman was not unusually randy. Rowse's exclamation, "What a free-for-all Elizabethan sex-life was!" is amply documented.

Purged Victims. The chief trouble the astrologer endured was relentless persecution by the Royal College of Physicians. The established doctors resented the healing business that Forman diverted from them. He had learned what little medicine he knew "under a hedge." Forman replied that he had kept up his practice in London during the plague of 1592-93, when most respectable physicians had fled to the country. Rowse takes Forman's side. Judging from surviving records, the untutored amateur seems to have wreaked less carnage than the certified practitioners who bled or purged victims at the drop of a symptom.

Forman instead brewed up harmless-sounding potions, including one made of "sage, marjoram, elderbuds, ashbuds, berberis, liquorice, aniseed, aloes and juniper berries." He

seems to have reassured people more than he treated them, and that was probably for the best, given the primitive state of medical science and the appalling maladies of the time. Confronted with a patient who "breeds worms in his nose of stinking sweet and venomous humor," Forman sensibly recommended a change in diet and frequent face washing.

Virgin Queen. Forman was an abysmally credulous soul. "If I sneeze," he wrote, "once at the left nostril after sunset, it means an unknown person is coming; if twice at the right nostril before sunrise, it means a friend coming speedily for physic, or some sick body." This, in the golden age of the Virgin Queen, Raleigh, Drake and Shakespeare? Of course, Rowse answers: "Living on the borders of a mental world expanding into the unknown, they did not know what might not be possible." Astrology, after all, eventually led to astronomy, just as alchemy (which Forman also dabbled in) laid the groundwork for chemistry and physics. Forman may have been foolish, but he was not a charlatan. The Elizabethan epoch was one of rich contradictions; it is impossible to comprehend that time merely by reading its high literary work. As Rowse shows, men like Marlowe, Jonson and Shakespeare transcend their age; Forman embodies it.

Paul Gray

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT MUSEL



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BOOKS

Infinite Strange Shapes

THE LETTERS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, VOLUME

ONE 1888-1912

Edited by NIGEL NICOLSON

and JOANNE TRAUTMANN

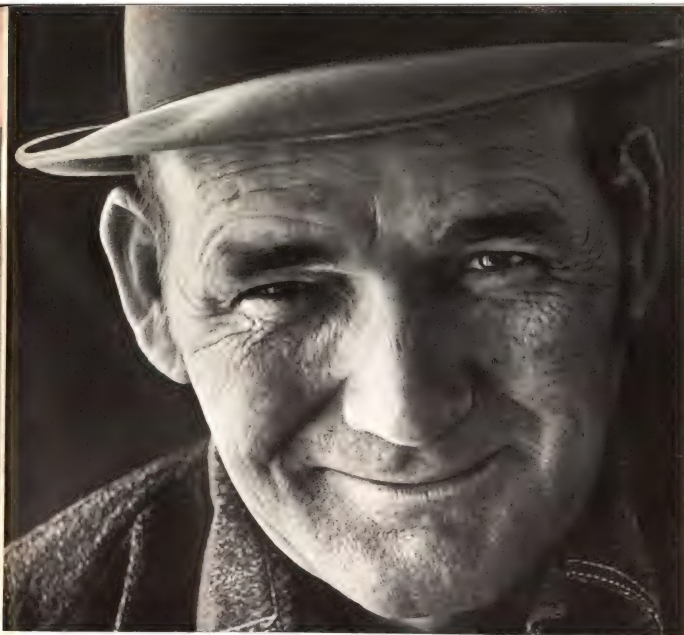
531 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$14.95.

"A true letter," she wrote to Clive Bell in 1907, "should be as a film of wax pressed close to the graving in the mind." Virginia Woolf composed such letters by the thousands—quick, nervous jottings of the moment, full of teasing, deliberately haphazard and unlitary. A staggering 3,800 of them survive. Editors Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann have decided to publish most of the missives in a series of six stout volumes. This first installment, which collects Virginia's correspondence between the ages of six and 30, includes a glut of juvenilia and ends on the eve of her first publication, before she had become the Virginia Woolf of literary history. Yet it provides the undeniable fascination of watching her become that woman.

"I know I can write, and one of these days I mean to produce a good book," she announced in a letter at 22. Virginia's father was Sir Leslie Stephen, the critic and biographer, and she grasped early that she had inherited his vocation. Virginia also sensed the innovative direction of her gifts: "I am sure the facts of life—the marryings and bearings and burials are the least important, and one acts one's drama under the hat." Briskly supporting herself with literary journalism, she labored for seven years on the novel she called *Melymbrosia* (published in 1915 as *The Voyage Out*). "I think a great deal," she confessed to Clive Bell, "of how I shall re-form the novel and capture multitudes of things at present fugitive, enclose the whole, and shape infinite strange shapes."

Platonic Passions. Her sense of vocation seemed to compensate for her lack of social and sexual ease. "I went to a dance last night," she wrote at 23, "and found a dim corner where I sat and read *In Memoriam*. You see I am not successful." It was only in the rarefied atmosphere of Bloomsbury that her formidable mind and odd beauty were appreciated. Men like Clive Bell, Lytton Strachey and Roger Fry accepted her, flirted with her, and in some cases proposed. At one point she and the homosexual Strachey became engaged, but both came to realize their folly and amicably called it off.

Her passions, platonic but deep, were saved for the older women in her life: her sister Vanessa, who became a painter and married Critic Clive Bell; Madge Vaughan, a writer who was married to one of Virginia's cousins; and above all Violet Dickinson, an aristocratic spinster who was part intimate confidante, part sponsor. With Dickinson especially, Virginia tended to lapse into repellent pet names and quasi-erot-



Mr. Haraldson will put money on walking fingers to a green thumb any day.

Opening a nursery often means as much gambling as it does growing. While the pay-off is good, the risk always runs high. Sometimes, all it takes is one bad spell of business to turn a green thumb pale. So, from the start,

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yellow pages

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VIRGINIA & LEONARD WOOLF IN 1912
All the devils come out.

ic baby talk ("I feel myself curled up snugly in old mother wallaby's pouch. Is mother wallaby soft and tender to her little one?"). But these women also inspired some of her most candid passages about literary ambition and travail. With them she shared an intensely personal feminism, a concern for the fate of the talented woman in Edwardian society.

Dozens of Virginia's letters were scribbled beside deathbeds. During the span of this volume, a cousin, an uncle, her mother, her stepsister, her father, her older brother and an aunt all died. She was reticent about the pain of these losses but characteristically scornful of the conventional pieties surrounding them. "The relations swarm," she wrote as her father lay dying. "Three mornings have I spent hating my hand held, and my emotions pumped out of me, quite unsuccessfully."

Tests of Devotion. Her mother's death was so shattering that it sent her, at 13, into the first of a series of mental breakdowns that were to haunt her throughout her life and trigger her suicide at 59. These episodes left blanks in her correspondence, except when she made a diffident reference ("my usual disease, in the head you know") or when, as in a letter to Vanessa, the illness itself shadowed her prose: "All the devils came out—hairy black ones. To be 29 and unmarried—to be a failure—childless—insane too, no writer."

She was going through one of these cataclysms when Leonard Woolf decided that he wanted to marry her. It was one of several stern tests of his devotion. Leonard was a fringe Bloomsburyite, in Virginia's words "a penniless Jew," a former Colonial Service officer in Ceylon whose years in the jungle

BOOKS

seemed to have purged him of the dilettantism that tainted her other admirers. She warned him that she was not physically attracted to him ("There are moments—when you kissed me the other day was one—when I feel no more than a rock"), but she realized that he offered the sympathy and strength she needed.

In view of the story that remains to be charted in the succeeding five volumes of these letters—the high achievement, the madness, the early death—Virginia's final letter to Leonard before their wedding is both stirring and excruciating: "We both of us want a marriage that is a tremendous living thing, always alive, always hot, not dead and easy in parts as most marriages are. We ask a great deal of life, don't we? Perhaps we shall get it; then, how splendid!"

Christopher Porterfield

The Ugly Duckling

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
by ELIAS BREDSORFF
376 pages. Scribners, \$10.

"Children ask of the story what they ask of a dream," observed Poet Randall Jarrell, "that it satisfy their wishes." For more than a century, Hans Christian Andersen has satisfied the wishes of the Western world's children. One hundred years after his death he remains the unsurpassed master of the fairy tale. Who has not smiled ruefully at the imperial victim of *The Emperor's New Clothes*, or identified with *The Princess on the Pea*? What youth remains ignorant of Andersen's articulate birds and magic elves? Yet, as Cambridge Professor Elias Bredsdorff brilliantly demonstrates, these creatures were the offhand productions of a vast and thwarted literary ambition.

"First you go through terrible suffering, and then you become famous," Hans naively informed his mother when he left home at 14 to join a Copenhagen theater troupe. The boy suffered more than he planned: he was a catastrophe as an actor, dancer and singer. But he radiated intelligence, and something about him hinted at fame. Benefactors sent the adolescent to school, where Hans decided to become a playwright. "You can stand pain if you can write about it," he declared to a friend. The fledgling author became, says Bredsdorff, "a man of deep and apparently irreconcilable contrasts." Heinrich Heine, who observed Andersen in action, called the writer "a tall thin man with hollow sunken cheeks [whose] manner reveals the sort of fawning servility that princes like." All his adult life, Andersen oscillated between vanity and self-abnegation, pride and humility. He was a Christian who rejected the main dogmas of religion, a generous miser, a snob who championed the underdog. If contrast described his psyche, irony defined his life. Like Conan

Doyle, whose Sherlock Holmes entertainments outlasted his "serious" work, Andersen was to see his poetry, novels and travel books fade and his trivia become immortal.

By the time he was 40, the little fairy tales had propelled Hans to the courts and palaces of Europe; in America, he was given a place with the Brothers Grimm. The comparison slighted the Dane. The Germans had collected their stories in the Black Forest; Andersen had pulled his from his brain.

Eternal Juvenile. The applause brought little joy. "I have imagined so much and had so little," Andersen noted in his diary. That complaint sounds like the whine of a child—and, in fact, Andersen remained an eternal juvenile. He never married or had a home. He fell in love three times (once with Singer Jenny Lind), but the affairs were little more than heroine worship. Like his invention *The Fir Tree*, which was disappointed at every stage of its growth, Hans could never recognize happiness until it had evaporated.

Bredsdorff painstakingly traces the storyteller's journey from deprived youth to global enchanter. In the process he unlocks the nursery where Andersen has been kept for decades. For the first time in a generation, the writer is observed and analyzed as innovator, lapidary stylist and original humorist. Bredsdorff never fully reveals the genius behind the tales—that must be perceived in the stories themselves. In the end, the shards of autobiography speak universal truths. The consolation of the ugly duckling remains the motto of Hans Christian Andersen: "It doesn't matter about being born in a duckyard, as long as you are hatched from a swan's egg."

Angela Wigan

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Curtain, Christie* (1 last week)
- 2—*Ragtime, Doctorow* (2)
- 3—*The Chairboys, Wambaugh* (4)
- 4—*The Greek Treasure, Stone* (3)
- 5—*In the Beginning, Polak* (5)
- 6—*Shogun, Clavell* (6)
- 7—*Humboldt's Gift, Bellow* (7)
- 8—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rosner* (9)
- 9—*The Eagle Has Landed, Higgins* (8)
- 10—*Nightwork, Shaw* (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—*Bring On the Empty Horses, Niven* (2)
- 2—*Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Porter* (4)
- 3—*The Relaxation Response, Benson* (1)
- 4—*Angels, Graham* (3)
- 5—*My Life, Meir* (9)
- 6—*The People's Almanac, Wallachinsky & Wallace* (5)
- 7—*Memoirs, Williams* (7)
- 8—*Power!, Korda*
- 9—*The Age of Napoleon, Will & Ariel Durant*
- 10—*The Ascent of Man, Branowski* (6)

MULTIMEDIA

Married. John S. Knight, 81, editorial chairman of Knight-Ridder Newspapers, who in 1968 won a Pulitzer Prize for his incisive column, "The Editor's Notebook"; and Elizabeth Good Augustus, 74, wealthy breeder of thoroughbreds; he for the third time, she for the second; in Bal Harbour, Fla.

Died. Dr. Bruce Webster, 74, medical director of Time Inc. from 1947, when he organized its medical department, until he retired in 1966, and venereologist who, as president of the American Social Health Association (1969-1972), led a national effort to control the spread of venereal disease; of an apparent heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Eliezer ("Lou") Shainmark, 75, ingenious Hearst newspaper editor; after a long illness, in The Bronx. While night editor of the New York *Journal-American* in 1934, Shainmark suggested comparing handwriting samples of suspect Bruno Richard Hauptmann with ransom notes of the kidnaper of Charles Lindbergh's slain 20-month-old son. The result was the first concrete evidence against Hauptmann, who was later convicted, and a triumph for Shainmark.

Died. William A. Blakley, 77, conservative Texas Democrat who twice filled an unexpired term in the U.S. Senate, in Dallas. Sometimes called "Cowboy Bill" for his early ranch-hand days in Oklahoma, later "Dollar Bill" in recognition of his status as a self-made centimillionaire who with his wife gave \$100 million to a foundation that he helped to create. Blakley was first appointed to the Senate for eleven weeks in 1957. He left saying, "I shall go back to my boots and saddle and ride toward the Western sunset," but came galloping back in 1961 for another six months when Vice President-elect Lyndon Johnson resigned his Senate seat.

Died. Chou En-lai, 77, Premier of China since the Communist victory in 1949; of cancer; in Peking (see THE WORLD).

Died. John Aloysius Costello, 84, twice Prime Minister of Ireland and former leader of the conservative Fine Gael party; of cancer; in Dublin. After his surprise victory in 1948 over his longtime rival, Fianna Fail Leader Eamon de Valera, Costello quipped, "I feel rotten. Last Saturday I was a free man." But he energetically pursued his task, breaking Ireland's final constitutional link to Britain with the repeal of the External Relations Act. Costello lost the prime ministership to De Valera in 1951, won it back in 1954, lost it again in 1957 and quit politics in 1959.



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CHOREOGRAPHER-DANCER TWYLA THARP EXECUTES HER OWN STEPS



MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV WINDS UP IN *PUSH COMES TO SHOVE*

DANCE

A Touch of Tharp

He ambles in to the rinky-tink beat of Joseph Lamb's rag, *Bohemia*, a little guy in a shiny satin shirt and crushed-velvet breeches. Mikhail Baryshnikov, loose of limb with plenty of shoulder action, adjusts his bowler hat. From the wings a woman's leg appears, and then the rest of Marianna Tcherkassky. The two link up, meet Martine van Hamel, and ease downstage in a vaudeville shuffle. Stop. Resume action, triple speed. Tcherkassky spins mad circles on the tips of her toes. Van Hamel lunges through the air, landing with a shimmy and a smirk.

Splat Falls. *Push Comes to Shove* is the name of the ballet; its inventor is Choreographer Twyla Tharp. Last week it was unveiled by the American Ballet Theater at Manhattan's Uris Theater, and it just might be the most important event of the dance year. With cinematic speed, the cast of characters tumbles around the stage to the sounds of Haydn's *82nd Symphony*. Isn't that Buster Keaton? There's Joe Namath and a courtful of jokers, heroes and heroines all. Linked by sheer velocity, the steps merge in combinations that are silly and daring. *Brisés* follow splat falls; dreamy waltzes erupt in staccato spasms of movement. With deadpan wit, 16 girls perform precise *glissés* while their heads wobble like windup dolls. All at once 30 dancers are onstage, twisting, wiggling, milling about in all directions. It is a Hollywood climax in the tradition of Cecil B. DeMille, but the heart and humor of it belong to the choreographer.

Tharp has already been called a number of things: the Busby Berkeley of the '70s, a modern Nijinska, a female Balanchine. She has also been put down as modish, cute, instantly disposable—a Bette Midler of dance. "I just don't think ballet is as narrow as many people do," says Tharp. An unabashed eclectic, she does not hesitate to combine a Las Vegas chorine's high kick—or a baseball pitcher's windup—with a classic ballet *pas*. The result eludes stylistic categorizing, yet remains instantly recognizable as Tharp choreography.

Her characteristic swivels and slides may look improvised, but Tharp's dances are planned down to the final blink. At rehearsals she snapped out commands: "Soft elbows, make sure you lift your skirts, ladies, watch your *élevés*," or "That retard should last forever, Marianna—you have a full second." In Tharp time, a second is an eternity. Her dancers are given a lot to do in the space of a beat. In one seemingly continuous motion, swaying hips sink into wiggles that burst into furious pirouettes, then stop on a dime and reverse directions. It is as if Tharp worked to encapsulate all of movement in one lightning-speed action. Audiences are dazzled, dancers left breathless.

Even the swift, strong Baryshnikov at first felt pushed by the pace of Tharp's choreography. "Misha learned something about dancing fast," says Tharp. One of the hardest things for him, however, was the vaudeville soft-shoe movement. Says Tharp: "It's not virtuosic dancing—all you do is handle a hat. You simply imply that you dance so well that

you dare the audience to watch you. It requires a Cary Grant refinement."

Twyla Tharp has been seriously watching movies starting from the time that she worked as a carhop in drive-in theaters owned by her parents. A native of Indiana, she was named after a Midwestern pig-calling contestant known as Twila. "My mother thought Twyla would look good on a theater marquee," explains Tharp. Her ambitious mother also laid out a marathon course of piano, violin, viola, drum, baton-twirling, ballet and tap-dancing lessons that occupied Tharp's childhood. It all paid off.

God's Work. She enrolled at Barnard College, majoring in art history. Between classes she danced at the studios of Martha Graham and Merce Cunningham. Just before graduating, she joined the Paul Taylor Dance Company, but left in 1965 to form her own ensemble, a trio of women. Their first performances were in the basement gymnasium of a church. "We were a very aggressive bunch of broads doing God's work," she recalls. "Bit by bit we felt it was O.K. for audiences to enjoy us." In 1970 a man was added to the troupe, which was gaining a reputation in the avant-garde of dance. Impatient with foundation questionnaires, Tharp's replies were typically blunt: "I'm sorry, I write dances, not application forms. Send me the money. Love, Twyla."

In 1973 the City Center Jeffrey Ballet invited Tharp to put on *Douce Coupe*, a freestyle piece matching up *pas de bourrées* and the boogaloo to the sun-and-surf music of the Beach Boys.

Quirky, neon-bright and very American in its images of cars, teen-agers and spray-can art, *Deuce Coupe* was unlike anything ever seen by uptown ballet audiences.

These days Twyla is very well supported by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts and private contributors. She plans to continue exploring the boundaries of dance. "In every good work of art there is a huge story, whether it is a Matisse cutout at the end of his life or a portrait at the beginning. The story has to do with guts and vitality." In a way, of course, that defines Tharp's art as well as her life.

Much Ado

Between its strong permanent roster of principals and its growing array of dazzling guest artists, American Ballet Theater can put together superstar casts that no company in the world can match. Consider last week's second world premiere, John Neumeier's *Hamlet Connotations*. Hamlet was played by Mikhail Baryshnikov, who with every performance is proving himself not only a wonderful classical dancer but also a superb actor. Ophelia was his frequent partner, the elfin Gelsey Kirkland. Gertrude was danced by Marcia Haydée, prima ballerina of the Stuttgart Ballet, who is appearing for the first time with A.B.T. this season. Denmark's Erik Bruhn, in his prime a great *danseur noble*, was Claudius.

It is a pity that A.B.T. did not give this extraordinary galaxy of talents something more interesting to do. Milwaukee-born Neumeier, 33, was a disciple of John Cranko, the late artistic director of the Stuttgart Ballet. Cran-

ko's tender *Romeo and Juliet* and rollicking *The Taming of the Shrew* showed that good ballets can be based on Shakespeare's plays. *Hamlet Connotations* proves that choreographers can make bad ones as well. Set to a trio of as-tringent pieces by Aaron Copland, Neumeier's stripped-down, expressionistic dance is simplistically Oedipal: Mother Gertrude seems as much in love with her angst-ridden son as he is with her. The pseudomodern choreography is a pastiche of familiar gambits—with a lot of rolling around on the floor, body contractions and angular flexing of arms.

Danced by a second-rate cast, *Hamlet Connotations* would seem much ado about very little. But the opening-night A.B.T. quartet made it worth watching—such is the strength and dynamism of these dancers' stage personalities. Bare to the waist and clad only in white tights, Baryshnikov offered a tortured Hamlet rather than a brooding one, all quicksilver passion. Kirkland's Ophelia was an innocent, ethereal waif—bruised and bewildered. In a pas de deux with Baryshnikov, their bodies seemed perfectly attuned, suggesting that incandescent union of talents and temperaments they have displayed as partners in better works. Bruhn's Claudius was a cold, imperious, lecherous king. It is to Neumeier's credit that his choreography asks Bruhn to do more demanding dancing than anything he has attempted since coming out of retirement last year. As for Haydée—perhaps ballet's reigning actress-dancer—her Gertrude was a startlingly erotic embodiment of lust. Seeing her wrapped sensuously about Baryshnikov, one can believe that some of the most startling love positions in the *Kama Sutra* are, after all, humanly possible.

John T. Elson



STEPHEN KEEP IN CLARENCE

THE THEATER

Wistful Charming

CLARENCE
by BOOTH TARKINGTON

Going to Manhattan's Roundabout Theater in the decade of its existence has always had the anticipatory excitement of going on an archaeological dig. You can usually count on a dramatic find, something that no other theater group is likely to be doing. In recent seasons, the Roundabout's venturesome founders, Gene Feist and Michael Fried, have offered playgoers a delectable comedy of sexual theatrics, Molnar's *The Play's the Thing*; Barrie's salute to the canny primacy of the female, *What Every Woman Knows*; and a world premiere of James Joyce's *Dubliners* steeped in Ireland's lyric grief. The level of performance and direction has often been erratic, but the dramatic daring, like the digging, has been unflinching.

The first revival of Booth Tarkington's *Clarence* since it opened with Alfred Lunt in the title role in 1919 is a class-conscious comedy and a delight to behold. The hero, Clarence (Stephen Keep), is a mysterious World War I veteran who applies to the Wheeler family for a job. The Wheelers—stuffy father, silly mother, bratty daughter, son thrown out of Princeton—take him on and find him a paragon of piano tuning, plumbing and wistfully disarming charm. Keep is a perfect stand-in for a young Jimmy Stewart. As Clarence, he woos and wins the governess (Marian Clarke) in a scene of wonderfully evasive romanticism couched in a discussion of beetles and beetle scholars (Clarence turns out to be one).

Noël Coward would have cherished the sequence, and quite possibly, the entire enchanting evening.

T.E. Kalem



BARYSHNIKOV & MARCIA HAYDÉE IN JOHN NEUMEIER'S *HAMLET CONNOTATIONS*
Strength, dynamism and a startlingly erotic lust.

Gorgeous Parody

Inside the glazed lobby of an office building at 88 Pine Street in downtown Manhattan, another Manhattan has been hatched: a florid, jaunty and raucous chick, quite like its big mother.

In this mini-Manhattan, Wall Street is a few paces long, the aluminum-sheathed prisms of the World Trade Center are 30 feet high, and though you can get on the Staten Island Ferry and feel it shiver under your feet, it can only carry half a dozen riders at a time. The Woolworth Building leans crazily, cant-

Woolworth himself, observing the seagrit isle with the proprietorial air of King Kong.

It all seems to be there: the gauzy profile of skyscrapers seen from the Statue of Liberty, the brokers and bums and cops, the lunatic bustle, the claustrophobic alleys and carnival vitality. This gorgeous parody, one of the largest environmental sculptures (other than earthworks) ever made in America, is called *Ruckus Manhattan*. The space for it was procured by a nonprofit organization, Creative Time Inc., which coordinated the six-month creation, and was donated by the Orient

Overseas Association, a shipping company. The buildings, cars, trains, boats and people—from life-size effigies to tiny, comic-strip figures painted on vinyl—were made by the Ruckus Works, a team of 20 painters, carpenters, sewers and stuffers, electricians, engineers and gadgeteers, brought together and working under the amiable direction of two artists, Red Grooms and his wife Mimi Gross.

Art and Wit. Grooms, 38, was born in Nashville; Gross, 35, is a New Yorker born and bred. Both share an obsession with great eccentric architecture and spectacles—Gaudi's Art Nouveau buildings in Barcelona, the park of monstrous 16th century carvings near Bomarzo in Italy. They are also fascinated by "naïve" and "primitive" structures like the Watts Towers in Los Angeles, by puppets, facsimiles and toys. Their studio loft in Manhattan's Little Italy is crammed with antique clockwork toys and fragments of gaudy Sicilian carvings. (They once traveled together in a horse-drawn wagon from Florence to Venice, giving puppet

shows en route to pay their way.) Such are not the tastes of formalists, and those who like only "high" art will have to find other places to look for it in New York.

For sheer energy, historical savvy, wit and scrounging invention, *Ruckus Manhattan* is unique. Over the years, Grooms, Gross and their friends have been making their robust tableaux, always on a shoestring but never on such a scale. If one could envisage a fairground produced by Robert Crumb and Crazy Kat out of Dr. Caligari's Cabinet, this would be it. The Ruckus group

are omnivores, infatuated with New York, and you are never allowed to forget it. Archie Peltier, an artist from Minneapolis, was responsible for most of the engineering, and his handiwork is impressive. People can walk up inside the Ruckus World Trade Center, looking at its "tenants," finally meeting a diminutive figure of the funambulist Philippe Petit walking the rope between the towers.

Scorecrow and Seagulls. Despite the cost and difficulty of keeping 20 people employed and paid for the six months it took to make, *Ruckus Manhattan* is closer to the street than the museum. It is cobbled together from the lumberyards of So-Ho and hardware bazaars of Canal Street, permeated with the hoarse side-of-the-mouth loquacity of a kvetching cabbie, swarming with grim and gaudy figures who, says Mimi Gross, are true New Yorkers, being "nosy, curious and short." There is a gritty and lugubrious side to the Ruckus imagination. Some of the figures are gross ham-faced brutes; and the bum who presides over the entrance to Wall Street is a scarecrow fit to terrify children, a wadded mass of sacking perched on a cockeyed façade with nails bursting out of his chin for stubble.

A lot of it, however, has the direct simplicity of a good toy. When one steps aboard the Ruckus Staten Island Ferry, it shimmies alarmingly; plumes of smoke, made of sheet metal, issue from its funnels and begin to waggle; a flock of seagulls suspended from the smoke begin to circle and dip. One succumbs at once to these lighthearted parodies of reality. But they are also extremely well researched. The Ruckus group spent months drawing in the streets of lower Manhattan, getting to know the buildings.

Few architectural scholars can boast such detailed knowledge of the place. When one walks along the sinister, switchback gully of Ruckus' Wall Street, past the dark banks ("Manufacturers Handover") and the pullulating Stock Exchange with its Big Board and some 500 gesticulating brokers, one senses that every crooked and finial on the wildly leaning façade of Trinity Church is right.

Ruckus research even extends beyond the tomb. Under the graveyard of Trinity Church is a vault, in which plywood skeletons lie promiscuously jumbled. One, wearing an 18th century peruke and still clutching a dueling pistol, is Colonel Alexander Hamilton. Another is Robert Fulton, interred with his paddle-wheel boat. If you would know New York, visit its Ruckus offspring. One can only hope that some company or museum has the wit to keep it on public display downtown forever.

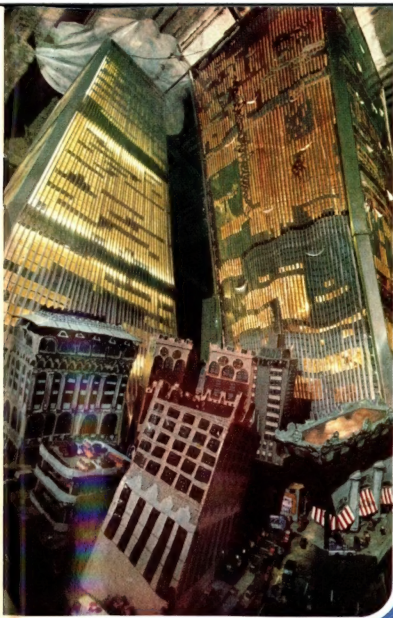
Robert Hughes



RED GROOMS & WIFE WITH RUCKUS PARTNERS

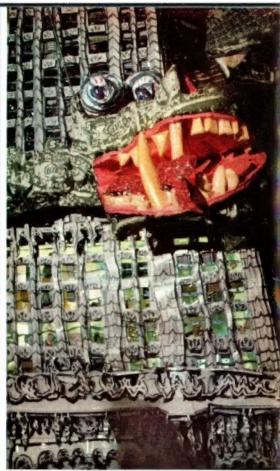
Crazy Kat and a goofy dragon in the seagrit city.

ed forward like a gothic shed in the wind. Its terra cotta façade has become a wedding cake of writhing mullions and bulging cornices; the windows glow green, and inside in plain view there are people yelling at file clerks, chasing secretaries and munching what are probably pastrami sandwiches. On the roof, like a lizard on a rock, there is a goofy dragon; its tail is dollar bills, its hide is plated with nickels for scales. As its pink wings flap, its head lolls over the façade with a kind of maniacal sloth. Above this symbol of Capital, in the tower, sits the old five-and-tenner Frank Winfield



MONOLITHS OF WORLD TRADE CENTER DOMINATE NEW YORK SKYLINE

DETAIL OF PASSER-BY IN FRONT OF WOOLWORTH BUILDING



MOTORIZED DRAGON EMBELLISHES WOOLWORTH BUILDING
NEWSSTAND SCENE ON A LOWER MANHATTAN STREET



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